

MAY 1987

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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Alisdair Aird

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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THE SUMMER SEASON 34



IN NORTH YEMEN 59

CHURCHILL AT CHARTWELL i-xvi

## COVER PHOTOGRAPH

by Roger Stowell

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**Golf**



## HIGHLIGHTS



# R

German culture comes to town

## AW AND RADICAL

ROGER BERTHOUD

London is about to enjoy a unique opportunity to peer into the German soul via its culture. The Festival of German Arts, running through May and June, brings an unprecedented concentration of German performers, bolstered by numerous exhibitions of the fine and applied arts, including industrial design.

Like the American arts festival of 1985, it is directed by the impresario Sir Ian Hunter, with much official patronage, and coincides with the 750th anniversary of the city of Berlin. It is inevitably a purely West German affair, apart from such historical elements as an exhibition on *The Jews in Prussia 1850-1953*. Doubtless, however, it will provoke interest in the German-ness of contemporary West German culture and

its relationship to the sense of nationhood still linking the two German states.

Reaction against the Nazi era and the materialism of the post-war "economic miracle" has given much West German theatre, cinema, dance and painting a raw and radical quality rarely found in Britain. Sophisticated middle-brow entertainment, beloved of Anglo-American audiences, is alien to the German scene, where the relentlessly high-brow is balanced mainly by the heartily low-brow.

It is odd, given the wealth of misery in Germany's past, that two of the festival's main items should draw on American writers: Berlin's famous Schaubühne theatre company performs Peter Stein's reportedly electrifying production of *The Hairy Ape*,

above, by Eugene O'Neill at the National Theatre and the Heidelberg Dance Theatre gives us Johann Kresnik's searingly intense *Sylvia Plath*, inspired by the life and suicide of the American poet.

The musical fare on the South Bank is provided by six different orchestras and ensembles, including the Berlin Philharmonic under von Karajan. At the popular heart of the festival will be the Beethoven exhibition at the Royal Festival Hall intended to bring the man and his work to life.

With paintings and sculpture from Berlin at the ICA and a stimulating variety of other events, the festival offers a real chance to get to grips with the turbulent spirit of an outwardly orderly people. See Listings.



# Royal Frogmore opens SPRING SHOW

RUTH STUNGO

Only in May can the royal gardens at Frogmore, near Windsor Castle, be visited by the public (this year on May 6, 7 & 27). Although associated primarily with Queen Victoria, especially in her prolonged widowhood, they in fact reflect the influence of three of England's queens. Shaped in the 1790s by George III's Queen Charlotte, embellished by Victoria and rescued by Mary, the 30 acre gardens are now arguably better than ever: rich in mystery and as beautiful, and at their best in springtime.

Conveniently close to yet separate from Windsor, Frogmore became Queen Charlotte's favourite residence, a peaceful haven and fitting scene for elegant entertainment. With the assistance of architect James Wyatt and her Vice-Chamberlain Major William Price (brother of Uvedale, advocate of the picturesque style), the marshy, flat terrain was transformed into an irregular picturesque landscape with serpentine lake, grotto, lawns and parterre, tempting paths through leafy thickets, and occasional glimpses of a

gothic ruin or thatched hermitage.

Queen Victoria first knew and began to shape the garden when it passed to her mother the Duchess of Kent. Albert himself may have planted some of the standard trees surviving from this period. When the Duchess died she was buried in a mausoleum Albert had erected. On Albert's death soon after, Victoria decided that they should both be buried at Frogmore, and erected the richly ornate Royal Mausoleum in which their youthful marble effigies were to live forever side by side on a grey marble catafalque. That, too, is well worth a visit, despite the queues. Other features dating from this period include the cottage teahouse and a delicate Indian kiosk from Lucknow. In this century the garden's reawakening was due initially to the interest of Queen Mary.

*Gardens and mausoleum open for National Gardens Scheme May 6, 7 11am-7pm. 80p, children 15p; Gardens only, May 27; Mausoleum only May 20, 11am-4pm. Free. See Windsor Castle in Listings, p 80.*



Brilliantly coloured majolica goes on show at the British Museum on May 7. Made in Italy in the 15th and 16th centuries the tin-glazed wares are as fresh as when they emerged from the kiln. They depict famous tales; on the plate, left, are Apollo and Daphne and Apollo and Python.

The bear (orso) hugging a column on the jar symbolizes the end of a feud between the Roman families Orsini and Colonna.



## Reviving the neo-romantics A NEW VIEW

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The Royal Academy's controversial show of British Art in the 20th Century has sparked off an impassioned exploration of neglected corners of the British art scene. The Barbican's exhibition, *A Paradise Lost*, devoted to the neo-romantic movement which flourished in Britain from 1935 to 1955, is welcome. It is high time this important episode in the history of British culture was re-examined.

The RA show included some of the movement's most important participants—Paul Nash, Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland and Lucian Freud, whose *Black-faced youth with bird* is shown above—while failing to acknowledge its existence. Put these artists back into the neo-romantic context, which also includes the

work of Michael Ayrton, Cecil Collins, John Craxton, David Jones, John Minton and Keith Vaughan, and it takes on a different tone. Its modernist aspects become less apparent; those features and quirks of style linking it to the continuing tradition of English Romanticism become much more apparent. The Barbican show sensibly treats painting and sculpture as part of a continuum which also includes photography and film, inexorably suggesting that this was an art in which the nature of the image mattered more than its embodiment.

This is likely to be a landmark show making us question some of the ways in which we "read" modern British painting and sculpture.

*See Listings p 80.*



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# FLOWER WEEK

LINDA BENNETT

Weeds at the Chelsea Flower Show would seem a complete anomaly to most gardeners, yet the Royal Society for Nature Conservation will be promoting them on its wildflower stand as part of National Wildflower Week. While horticulturists compete to produce the latest and largest garden varieties, many of Britain's beautiful native flowers are disappearing. More than 1,500 flowers can be found growing wild in Britain; but more than one in five have seriously declined, and 19 species have become extinct in the last 100 years.

Fields full of flowers are now a rare sight in Britain: 95 per cent of them have disappeared since the last war. A typical flower of old meadows is the beautiful snake's-head fritillary, below, once widespread throughout central and eastern England, now surviving in only 20 places. Several of these fields are protected by the local Nature Conservation Trusts.

During National Wildflower Week the Society and the Trusts will be encouraging everyone to appreciate our native flowers and to find a place for them in their own garden. The Prince of Wales, the Society's Patron, has set an example by planting a wildflower meadow at his home at Highgrove. At Chelsea, experts will be on hand to give practical advice on wildflower gardening, and books, leaflets and seeds will be available. Harrods will display a wildflower garden created for Wildflower Week by the conservationist Chris Baines.

Wildflower gardening could make a significant contribution to ensuring the survival of our native plants, since gardens cover 750,000 hectares—five times the area already protected as nature reserves by the RSNK and its associated Trusts.

*National Wildflower Week May 16-25; Chelsea Flower Show May 20-22, Royal Hospital Grounds, SW3.*



RICHARD REVELS



## T A voice aching with heartbreak TAMMY'S TUNE

HANK WANGFORD

Tammy Wynette, above, appearing at the Festival Hall on May 30, is the greatest woman singer of heart-breakers around; her third husband George Jones is the Man, the king, and his voice swoops and cries like a wounded angel. Tammy's aches with heartbreak and when she and Jones were married for seven stormy years, they sang songs of awesome sadness, their raw emotion like gaping wounds.

This may all seem unacceptably sentimental or maudlin to the inhibited English, but it's what makes Tammy the First Lady of Country Music. This is not to deny Dolly Parton or Loretta Lynn or Patsy Cline, but Tammy seems to have a direct line to the heart of a housewife's pain. Livin' ain't easy, and after four husbands and four times as many surgical operations, Tammy knows this more than most. She has four daughters, the last with George Jones called Tamela Georgette.

As her best known hits are "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" and "Stand by Your Man", she is often accused of passivism, of anti-feminism, but she denies this. Cynics say that Billy Sherrill, her one-time producer and Svengali,

moulded the young Wynette Pugh who arrived in Nashville with three kids and nothing else into Tammy the Masochistic Housewife. She writes good songs, though, "The Bottle by the Pillow" and "I just stopped in to see if I was gone" both getting straight to the point. Like the best in Country, Tammy talks turkey.

Her stageshows are often confessional, front-parlour-style, talking of life at home, life after George Jones, life on the road, pulling her audience into her heart, genuinely sharing (a much misused word) with them. The strain of sincerity shows sometimes and her career does seem to be heading for Las Vegas, kind of inevitable for most country singers who've reached the Nashville Summit. A pity, I guess, but just part of the Great American Process.

But beyond the image, the glitz and the sincerity, there is this Voice that cracks and aches, that soars up high and silvery and strong and then crashes to the ground. Love and loss, sadness and madness, the family, the kids, it's all there in The Voice. She's sung some bad songs in her time, some diabolical ones, but I'm just a fool for The Voice.

# HUMAN POWER

MIKE PRICE

There are 15 million bikes in Britain, but it takes only 84 of them to bring cycling into national focus this month (May 17-30) when the 30th Milk Race starts its ride south from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to London. It covers 1,150 miles in 12 days, in racing terms a tour. A highly tuned rider can send 18lb of two-wheeled high technology hurtling into a finish at 45mph.

Last year's Tour de France television reporting on Channel 4 uncovered a new following. It brought home to football-watching Britons a new colour, vitality and action. Now the Milk Race has finally caught the roving eye of BBC *Grandstand*.

This year, on May 30, the race again ends on Waterloo Bridge with 14 professional and amateur teams from as far as the Soviet Union battling for a share in a record £30,000 prize fund.

Attempting to finish on the same bridge on May 10 will be about 27,500 runners in this year's London Marathon, 2,000 more entrants than last year.

*See Listings, page 81.*



Works by  
the cartoonist H. M.  
Bateman go on  
show in the Festival  
Hall and National  
Theatre on May 15,  
a century after his  
birth. Previously  
unshown work is  
included.





*Throwing...*



*Enamelling...*



*Gilding...*



*Moulding...*



*Looking...*



*Learning...*



*...And inwardly digesting.*



## Wedgwood VISITOR CENTRE

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS NOTEBOOK

## Parliament Square redesigned

The public will soon be asked to comment on a new plan for Parliament Square. The plan, which has been approved in principle by Westminster City Council's planning and development committee, will shut off one side of the square to traffic and open it up for pedestrians, and in effect restore the square to its original form of 1810. It was redesigned in the mid 19th century by Sir Charles Barry to provide an approach to his parliamentary buildings, and then again after the last war by G. G. Wornum to provide a huge traffic roundabout. In the middle is a square lawn with paved walks and seats and a collection of statues, mostly of statesmen, but they are difficult to get to. More than 50,000 vehicles clog the square every day, and there is only one crossing point, at the north-west corner.

The new plan will link Westminster Abbey and St Margaret's to the square by closing the south road. Two-way traffic will be restored on the other three sides. The cost of the scheme, which has been drawn up by Halcrow Fox and Associates as part of a study commissioned by the Westminster Council, is estimated at £2.3 million. Two variants of the scheme have been put forward, one which does not allow traffic to turn from the east to the north side of the square and another which provides a slip road for this left turn. Traffic approaching the square from Westminster Bridge will not be able to turn right into Parliament Street and Whitehall, but will have to approach via the Embankment.

The scheme, which promises to reduce traffic delays as well as improve access to one of London's more attractive squares and quietening the environment of the Abbey and St Margaret's, has been welcomed by both Movement for London (whose prime concern is traffic flow) and Friends of the Earth (who are more concerned with pedestrians). If the public are equally enthusiastic Parliament Square could be happily transformed during the course of next year.

A fountain could also be part of the change, and again the public are being asked to contribute to the plans. The recently formed Fountain Society, whose president is Prince Charles, has suggested the idea of erecting a fountain in the middle of Parliament Square as a tribute to the Queen, and has been given her Majesty's approval to call it "The Queen's Fountain". A competition has been launched to find the best design, which must be in

keeping with its historical site. "We have the opportunity to give London a fountain which will give delight to all who see it, day or night," the society says. The creator of the winning design will receive £1,000.

## British Museum calls for help

"To keep going we must have more money." The latest institution to utter this cry for help is none other than the British Museum, whose Director, Sir David Wilson, says that sponsorship cannot provide all the answers. It is in the unglamorous and unsponsorable areas, such as staff wages, renewing the electrical and telephone systems, and installing a computer that the museum is hoping to receive more government support.

Sir David says the public figures are gruesome. "Between 1980/81 and 1986/87 our vote for salaries and general expenses has risen by 51 per cent. Wages, however, have risen by 70 per cent (the Government makes the wage awards year in and year out without giving us the money to cover them) and we are now £1.5 million a year down. ... If we are to keep one of the greatest national institutions open we must have more money."

The Director has launched his appeal to the Government in an article in the latest edition of the *British Museum Society Bulletin*, which has just been redesigned, and which is produced three times a year. It costs £1.50 a

copy, but goes free to members of the society. One way members of the public can help the museum is by joining the society, which costs £10 a year. One way the museum could help itself would be by charging admission, but the idea that Britain's leading national museum should have to charge people to see objects which it holds in trust for the nation is abhorrent to many people, including the Director, who does not refer to it in his article. But there are some rebels among his Trustees who would favour some form of charging, and if the Government, whose grant this year totals £13 million, is unresponsive perhaps the unthinkable will have to be thought.

## Last chance for Chatsworth

There are a few last-minute places available for the *ILN*'s weekend in Buxton, with visits to Chatsworth and the Quarry Bank Mill at Styal, on May 8-10. We are promised a lively time in the company of the Duchess of Devonshire and David Sekers, the director of Styal, who has twice won the *ILN* museum award. The price is £175 per person all in. But hurry if you want to join us: telephone Clare Veal on 01-928 6969.

Later in the year, from November 18 to November 25, we shall be organizing an archaeological tour of Israel, led by the *ILN* archaeology editor, Dr Ann Birchall. Full details in next month's *ILN*, but ring Clare for more information now.





# FOR THE RECORD

## Monday, March 9

High-street banks in the UK cut the interest rate by a half point to 10½ per cent. On March 18 the rates were reduced by a further half per cent.

Giulio Andreotti was named prime minister-designate of Italy following the resignation of Bettino Craxi earlier in the month.

## Tuesday, March 10

80 crates of music, including a collection of unknown or previously lost songs by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Cole Porter, were found in a warehouse in New Jersey.

## Wednesday, March 11

Four Sicilians were jailed for a total of 97 years after being convicted at the Old Bailey for masterminding a heroin-smuggling operation in Britain involving 60 kilograms of heroin worth £75 million.

Garrett Fitzgerald resigned as leader of the Fine Gael Party after 10 years in office. On March 21 Alan Dukes was elected as the new head of Ireland's main opposition party.

A couple who paid a surrogate mother £5,000 to have a baby won High Court approval for their adoption of the two-year-old child. The case was not contested by the natural mother. The following day in another High Court case the mother of Britain's first surrogate twins was allowed to keep the five-month-old babies.

## Thursday, March 12

The Liberal/Alliance candidate Matthew Taylor won the Truro by-election with an increased majority over the Conservatives of 14,617.

Peter Wright won an 18-month battle in the New South Wales Supreme Court to publish memoirs of his service in MI5. On March 16 the Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, confirmed the British Government's decision to appeal against the ruling.

The Government gave the go-ahead for a £1,500-million nuclear power station at Sizewell. It will be the first plant in Britain to use a pressurized water reactor and follows a public inquiry into the safety of the project.

The House of Lords barred 47 rebel Labour and Militant councillors in Liverpool from office for five years when they upheld a High Court judgment against the councillors who refused to set a rate for the city in 1985.

Richard Perle, the US Assistant Defence Secretary, resigned after six years in office.

## Friday, March 13

Survivors and relatives of the 16 people killed in the Abbeystead water plant explosion in Lancashire in May, 1984, won compensation in the High Court after the judge ruled that the plant's designers and operators had been negligent.

Lord Skelmersdale, Environment Under-Secretary, opened the first "toad tunnel"—to stop the animals from being squashed by traffic—under the busy A4155 Henley to Marlow road in Buckinghamshire.

## Saturday, March 14

Roy Jenkins was elected as 193rd Chancellor of Oxford University.

## Sunday, March 15

Gerard Steenson, who was believed to be the

leader of the Irish National Liberation Army, was shot dead in Belfast. The Irish People's Liberation Organization claimed responsibility for the attack.

At least 32 people died after a bomb exploded on a southern Indian express train travelling between Tiruchirapalli and Madras. Tamil separatists were suspected.

## Monday, March 16

The Home Office announced that crime figures in England and Wales rose by 7 per cent in 1986.

Three Appeal Court judges ordered that a 17-year-old girl, with a mental age of about five, should be sterilized for her own good.

## Tuesday, March 17

In his fourth Budget Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, cut taxes by £2,625 million and set a target of £4,000 million for public sector borrowing requirement in 1987-88. He also announced a freeze on excise duties and a series of measures to help small firms, encourage personal pensions, close tax loopholes and promote profit-related pay.

Prime Minister Kalevi Sorsa's Social Democratic Party won the Finnish general election but with a reduced majority in parliament over the conservatives. On April 3 Sorsa's centre-left government resigned.

*See You Then* ridden by Steve Smith Eccles and trained by Nick Henderson won the Waterford Crystal Champion Hurdle at Cheltenham for the third consecutive year. On March 19 *The Thinker*, ridden by Ridley Lamb and trained by Arthur Stephenson, won

the Tote Cheltenham Gold Cup.

## Wednesday, March 18

The Reverend Sylvia Mutch became the first woman to conduct a marriage ceremony in Britain when she officiated at a wedding at St James's Church, Clifton in York.

Dutch divers claimed to have found treasure worth £20 million aboard the wreck of the *Medina*, a liner which was torpedoed by a German U-boat off Start Point, Devon in 1917.

## Thursday, March 19

Winston Silcott was sentenced at the Old Bailey to life imprisonment for the killing of PC Keith Blakelock during the Broadwater Farm Estate riots in Tottenham in 1985. Two others involved in the murder were jailed for life.

The Government announced that unemployment figures in February fell by 71,427 to 3,225,809—the sharpest drop since 1971.

## Friday, March 20

Three of Britain's largest building societies cut their mortgage rates to 11.25 per cent.

The Director-General of the Italian Space and Air Armaments Division of the Defence Ministry, General Licio Giorgieri, was shot dead by two Red Brigade terrorists in Rome.

## Saturday, March 21

France beat Ireland 19-13 in the rugby union international at Lansdowne Road to achieve a grand slam in the Five Nations Championship. Scotland beat Wales 21-15 at Murrayfield.

## Sunday, March 22

Chad forces captured the key Libyan air base of Ouadi Doum in the north of the country after a major battle.

*A Room with a View* won the award for the best film at the British Academy of Film and Television Arts; the award for the best television drama series was won by *The Life and Loves of a She Devil*.

Pirmin Zurbriggen equalled Jean-Claude Killy's 20-year-old record of holding four world skiing cups when he won the giant slalom at Sarajevo. The Swiss skier had already won this season's super giant slalom, downhill and overall titles.

## Monday, March 23

Two policemen and a prison service volunteer were killed in a double terrorist attack in Londonderry.

31 people were injured when a car bomb exploded at British Rhine Army headquarters in Rheindahlen. Both the IRA and a group calling itself the National Democratic Front for the Liberation of West Germany claimed responsibility.

Willy Brandt, the former West German Chancellor, stepped down as leader of the Social Democratic party. Hans-Jochen Vogel was nominated as his successor.

The British composer Harrison Birtwistle won the \$150,000 Grawemeyer Award for Music Composition—the world's most valuable music prize—for his opera *The Mask of Orpheus*.

## Tuesday, March 24

King Fahd, the Saudi Arabian monarch, arrived in London on a four-day state visit and called on Britain to take "a more positive role" in finding a solution to the problem of the Palestinian people.

The National Radiological Protection Board claimed that about 1,000 people would die of cancer in Europe, outside of the Soviet Union, over the next 50 years because of the Chernobyl disaster.

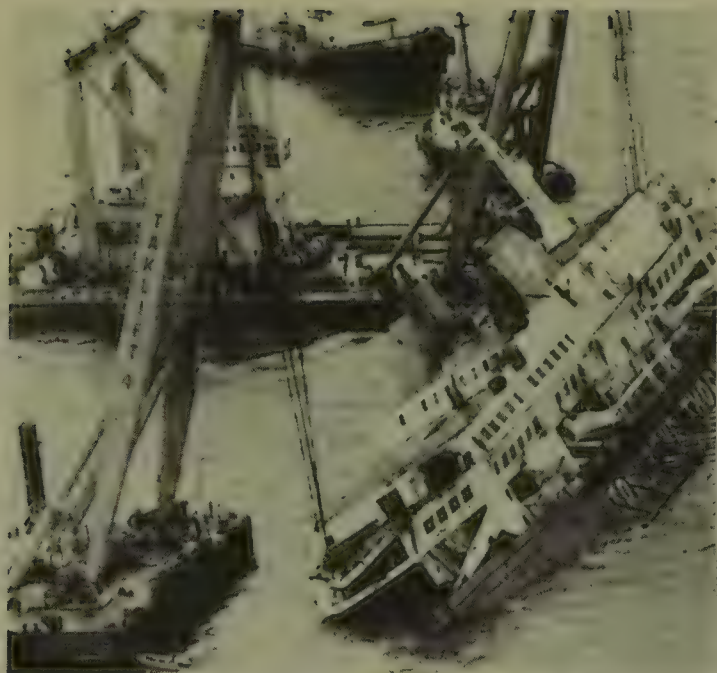
India's first satellite launch rocket crashed



REX FEATURES

**K**ing Fahd of Saudi Arabia travelled with the Queen in the Irish State Coach at the start of a three-day State visit to Britain. The trip followed the royal visit by the Prince and Princess of Wales to Saudi Arabia last November and the completion of a £5,000 million Tornado aircraft deal between the two countries.





PRESS ASSOCIATION

**The Herald of Free Enterprise which sank off Zeebrugge in March was righted on April 7 after a nine-hour winching operation.**

into the Bay of Bengal two minutes after take-off.

#### **Wednesday, March 25**

A warehouse worker, Rene Pickstone of Peterborough, won an equal pay test case in the Appeal Court—the first time EEC law was applied directly in an English court.

#### **Friday, March 27**

President Reagan told Neil Kinnock that the Labour Party's defence policies would have "a strong effect on Nato, on east-west relations and would undercut the United States negotiating position at Geneva". The Labour leader was in Washington as part of a two-day visit to promote the party's anti-nuclear defence policy.

Nato appealed to both Turkey and Greece to avoid a conflict during a crisis over oil-prospecting rights in disputed waters in the Aegean Sea. The following day Turkey said it had dropped plans to prospect for oil east of the Greek islands of Thassos and Lesbos in return for assurances from Greece that it had halted its exploration efforts.

Libyan troops retreated from their last main Chadian stronghold at Faya-Largeau in the north-east of the desert country.

At least 12 people died as storm-force winds and torrential rain swept across England and Wales.

#### **Saturday, March 28**

Mrs Thatcher arrived in Moscow at the start of a five-day visit to discuss arms control, Afghanistan, the Middle East and human rights with Mr Gorbachev. Both leaders restated their contrasting approaches to these issues but the talks were made in a spirit of openness.

Harvey Proctor, the Conservative MP for Billericay, Essex, survived a second attempt by members of his local Conservative Association to pass a vote of no confidence in him.

Oxford beat Cambridge by four lengths in the 133rd University Boat Race.

#### **Sunday, March 29**

Snipers killed five Palestinian women and children as they tried to march out of a besieged refugee camp near Beirut.

Sandy Lyle won the £112,500 Tournament Players' Golf Championship in Sawgrass, Florida.

#### **Monday, March 30**

Stock markets around the world fell as the dollar came under heavy pressure as a result

of increasing trade tension between the US and Japan.

One soldier was killed and three others injured by an IRA bomb in Belfast.

The trial began in Madrid of 38 Spaniards accused of selling adulterated cooking oil thought to have poisoned 584 people and left another 25,000 seriously ill.

Van Gogh's *Sunflowers* was sold at Christie's for a record £22,500,000 to an unknown bidder.

Citroën announced that it was ending production in France of its oldest model, the 40-year-old 2-CV.

The Vietnam war film *Platoon* was voted best picture at the Academy Awards in Hollywood. Paul Newman was best actor for *The Color of Money* and Marlee Matlin best actress for *Children of a Lesser God*.

#### **Tuesday, March 31**

The Government approved a £2,600 million plan to redevelop London's Royal Docks, creating 62,000 jobs.

#### **Wednesday, April 1**

The Commons rejected a motion proposing the restoration of capital punishment by a majority of 112.

#### **Thursday, April 2**

The US Senate voted to override President Reagan's veto of a \$88,000 million highway bill, making it law.

Buddy Rich, the jazz drummer, died aged 69.

#### **Friday, April 3**

Jewelry and personnel artifacts belonging to the Duke and Duchess of Windsor was sold for £31,038,197 at a two-day Sotheby's auction in Geneva. The bulk of the money went to the Pasteur Institute for medical research in Paris.

#### **Saturday, April 4**

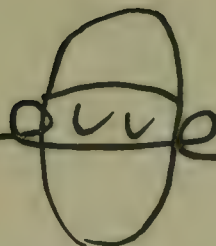
*Maori Venture*, ridden by Steve Knight, trained by Andy Turnell and owned by Jim Joel, won the Grand National at Aintree. *The Tsarevich* was second, *Lean Ar Aghaidh* third, and last year's winner, *West Tip*, fourth.

England beat Scotland 21-12 in the rugby union international at Twickenham and Ireland beat Wales 15-11 at Cardiff Arms Park.

#### **Sunday, April 5**

The Shia Muslim Amal militia announced that it had ended the food and medical blockade of two Palestinian refugee camps in Beirut.

Arsenal beat Liverpool 2-1 in the Littlewood's Cup final at Wembley.



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# BLUE EYES IN MOSCOW

The euphoria that accompanied the Prime Minister's visit to the Soviet Union was not entirely dissipated by the cool analysis of parliamentary question time, though it was easy to show that little of real substance had been achieved. There was no progress on nuclear arms control because there were no real negotiations on the subject, the trade and cultural agreements were vague, and the Kremlin was quick to comment at the end of the visit that "old political thinking" dominated the British Government's approach to nuclear disarmament and to alleged communist expansion.

Nonetheless Mrs Thatcher may fairly claim to have cleared the air for further

arms control negotiations. The Soviet Government can have no doubt that Britain wants short-range weapons to be taken into account, and will not accept the "Denuclearization" of Europe if it leaves us exposed to Soviet superiority in conventional forces. Mrs Thatcher's most spectacular successes during her visit were achieved by plain speaking, both in her long and private sessions with Mr Gorbachev and in her public contacts—including a hard-hitting uncensored television address—with the Soviet people, who greeted her enthusiastically and dubbed her the "blue-eyed lady". Opinion polls showed that the visit had been equally popular in the UK.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DEREK HUDSON/SYGMA AND REX FEATURES

**Mrs Thatcher was warmly greeted by the crowds as she became the first British Prime Minister to make an official visit to Moscow for 12 years and only the third since the war. She was met by Mr Gorbachev in the glittering surroundings of Vladimir's Hall in the Kremlin, opposite.**









FRANK SPENCER



FRANK SPENCER

The Prime Minister was surrounded by the Soviet military during a ceremony to place a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Moscow, top. Mrs Thatcher also spent three hours on a walkabout among thousands of Russians, but at all times she was accompanied by security men who on this occasion were on hand to help her avoid a large puddle



FRANK SPENCER



FRANK SPENCER

Mrs Thatcher welcomed the human rights campaigner and 1978 Nobel Peace Prize winner Dr Andrei Sakharov and his wife Yelena Bonner to the British Embassy and after lunch he praised her views on a wide variety of topics ranging from human rights to arms control. In Tbilisi the Prime Minister was greeted by a folk dancer clad in Georgian costume.





Punting on the Cherwell, the tranquility of the dawn after a May Ball, the sound of leather on willow...

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# SURGEONS ON THE COUCH

What makes a good surgeon? Anthony Clare  
talks to those who wield the knife about their calling.  
Photographs by Ian Yeomans

The surgeon practises a dramatic form of medicine. Direct intervention with a scalpel can provide immediate and complete cures. The best surgeons are decisive, skilled craftsmen—almost invariably male with just eight women among nearly 1,100 consultants at the top of the profession.

After their six years of training and at a starting salary of less than £12,000, all doctors are qualified to conduct surgery. Those who specialize in the scalpel are likely to be among nearly 10,000 Fellows of the Royal College of Surgeons and members of the Royal College of Obstetrics and Gynaecology. The consultant will have spent at least four more years on Higher Surgical Training, earning up to £30,000 with the NHS and able to opt for a proportion of time with private patients.

The busy surgeon, according to Marcel Proust, possesses a “brisk, decided, undisturbed and slightly brutal air”. Surgeons are stereotyped as people who tolerate fools badly, get quickly to the nub of a problem and are impatient with uncertainty and ambiguity. But is the stereotype reliable? Are surgeons brisk and decisive? Are they born rather than made? Are they particularly skilled with their hands? Are women as competent in surgery as men? Is surgery appropriately and scientifically evaluated or are we still more willing to give the charismatic surgeon the benefit of a doubt we would never give a physician or a new drug?

Richard Wood is professor of surgery at St Bartholomew's Hospital Medical College. He is young, is indeed brisk and his soft-spoken voice contains just a hint of his native Scotland. On leaving school he first considered a career in metallurgy, then turned to medicine instead. He was influenced in his choice of surgery when as a student he found himself being taught by two charismatic and highly skilled surgical teachers. One specialized in mitral valve surgery, undertaken in those days on a still-beating heart. It was a procedure not without its hazards and the young Richard Wood was very impressed at the cool professionalism displayed around the tense operating table.

Perhaps not surprisingly, he readily accepted the definition of surgeons as decisive. “You can't vacillate,” he told me, “you can't fiddle about. You have to make decisions and you have to live with decisions you have taken. If you can't live with a decision you have taken you are not going to be a very good surgeon.” Given that medical students whose personality would cause them to worry endlessly about decisions and consequences would probably either not be attracted by surgery or drop out, surgeons seem bound to contain more than their fair share of brisk, extrovert and decisive individuals.

Many surgeons are quite talented artists, according to Professor Wood, and certainly Sir Roy Calne likes to paint when he is not working as professor of surgery at Addenbrooke's Hos-

pital, Cambridge. One of this country's, and the world's, outstanding liver transplant surgeons, he wanted to be a surgeon even before he knew what surgery was about. “I was always interested in how things worked,” he told me, “how engines worked, the insides of mechanical things.” He was passionately interested in biology—“the only school subject that really fired me”—and the fact that he liked doing things with his hands made surgery an obvious choice. He, too, was influenced by a teacher, Lord Brock, the distinguished Guy's surgeon, and was in no doubt about what it is that, first and foremost, one looks for in a good surgeon. “If I was going to be operated on,” he declared, fixing me with a somewhat steely eye lest I, a psychiatrist, should get any ideas to the contrary, “I

would be much more interested in the technical ability of the surgeon than his personality or any other aspect of him.” Some people seemed to think that anyone could do surgery and at times the actual technical ability of the surgeon was denigrated, but such views were mistaken.

Mrs Wendy Savage had to have a surgical training to become an obstetrician and gynaecologist (she is senior lecturer at the London Hospital Medical College) and her experiences led her to believe that while there may very well be “a surgical type”, surgeons like everyone else do vary. “There are people who go into surgery because they like doing things, they like the drama, they actually like getting up in the middle of the night. They may not be all that frightfully good with their hands.”

“Are you good with your hands?” I asked her. “Well I can mend fuses,” she replied, somewhat defensively, then warming to her task, pointed out that she had actually constructed her own bed. It sounded impressive to me who can hardly change a light bulb so I hurriedly changed the topic and asked her about the appeal to her of doing a surgical operation. She recalled that the first time she saw an operation she fainted “at that amazing sight when you first see a knife going through the skin”. Now, however, the satisfaction comes from the feeling of having done a clean, efficient operation, such as a hysterectomy, and you have stitched up. “Nothing is bleeding and the pelvis looks neat ➤➤

“... the kidney,  
which has been  
pale, suddenly  
pinks up and  
produces urine. That  
is undoubtedly a  
fairly magic  
moment”

PROFESSOR RICHARD WOOD,  
PICTURED RIGHT.







»→ and you feel like you have done something good."

"What gives me tremendous satisfaction," admitted Richard Wood, "is in kidney transplant surgery when I have stitched in the new kidney. I have stitched the arteries together and then the veins and I take the clamps off and the kidney, which has been pale, suddenly pinks up and produces urine. That is undoubtedly a fairly magic moment for anybody who has seen it."

Wood trained as a general surgeon and still takes his turn on the general surgery duty rota although his special interests, transplantation and vascular surgery, take up more and more of his time. But he is anxious lest the splitting up of surgery into various sub-specialties, orthopaedic, cardiothoracic, neurosurgery, renal surgery, and so on, may lead to a shortage of surgeons trained and able to cope with the routine bread-and-butter of surgery—the varicose veins, hernias, road accidents, perforated ulcers, gall-bladders and inflamed appendices. Another reason why general surgeons are less in demand is that new medical treatments are making operations unnecessary. Surgery for peptic ulceration is virtually unknown now since the development of drugs like cimetidine.

Sixty per cent of the surgery undertaken by Professor Calne is general in kind and he, too, resists the tendency within surgery for parts of it to become ever more specialized. At the same time, because he is at the forefront of transplant surgery, he works intimately with basic scientists. In his own department there are five immunologists and many visitors from abroad all working on such problems as tissue rejection. Just across the road is a splendid department of molecular biology ("the world's best to judge by the Nobel Prizes", he adds wryly). He sees an exciting future for transplantation surgery. "Technically every organ can be transplanted. The question is whether it is going to help the patient and is the price you have to pay. The best immunosuppression available is toxic and does not always work." However, with improvement in

immunosuppression and as the advantages of transplantation increasingly outweigh the disadvantages, then the practice will almost certainly become more frequent. Both Wood and Calne look forward to such advances as transplantation of parts of the pancreas as a treatment of diabetes, transplantation of every joint of the body or their replacements by prostheses similar to hip replacement prostheses, which have been one of the outstanding surgical advances within the past 20 years, and,

possibly, bowel transplantation.

But, as Professor Calne pointed out, then a lack of appropriate donors will become a problem. "I am very anxious that the profession anticipates the value of an organ and prevents any abuse of the ethics of donation," he observed somewhat elliptically. He clarified his remarks by pointing out that only a century ago people were murdered so that others could sell their bodies for dissection. In future, organs might acquire such a potential value to rich, powerful people

dying of otherwise intractable diseases that a similar criminal trade could develop. It was unlikely but possible. The whole business of transplantation surgery required proper supervision and controls.

But are such procedures properly controlled as it is? For example, are surgical procedures properly evaluated? The introduction of a new drug is surrounded by all manner of controls and regulations, and efficacy has to be established by controlled clinical trials. Novel surgi-



Mrs Wendy Savage, MB MRCS FRCOG, 52,  
Senior Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology, London Hospital  
Medical College. Divorced, with two daughters and two sons



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otherwise intractable  
diseases that  
a criminal trade  
could develop

PROFESSOR ROY CALNE

cal procedures, on the other hand, which may be every bit as expensive and potentially dangerous, appear to merit much less critical attention. Or is this so? None of the three surgeons agreed that it was. In fact, each of them chose to point out, with varying degrees of delicacy, that surgery compared quite favourably with psychiatry when it came to subjecting popular remedies to critical review.

One of the advantages of academic surgery, in Professor Wood's opinion, was that it had forced surgeons to think about the correctness of different procedures, their long-term as well as short-term results and the value of controlled clinical trials. Academic surgery, too, emphasizes the need for collaboration with basic scientists and the use of experimental animals in properly supervised assessments of new surgical procedures. Mrs Savage did admit that assessing surgery could pose particular difficulties. Testing a drug is relatively simple. The substance remains the same whether it is given in Barnstaple or Boston. Testing a particular surgical procedure or technical innovation is more difficult because surgeons themselves differ.

Sir Roy Calne, pursuing a similar line of argument, observed that a particular surgical procedure carried out at an outstanding centre of clinical and academic excellence might prove to be a very significant advance over whatever was ordinarily available, but the same surgery carried out in a typical district general hospital might not appear to be superior to anything like the same extent. More and more surgical procedures are now being evaluated, insisted Professor Wood. But he himself quoted the radical removal of the breast in breast cancer as an example of a surgical approach still awaiting definitive proof that it is superior to less mutilating therapies.

So why did such a mutilating intervention become so unthinkingly accepted as the definitive treatment? One very good reason was that it seemed to make sense—the breast is an organ through which cancer can

spread rapidly so it seemed reasonable when cancer was found anywhere within it to remove the whole organ and the tissue around it. But, a contributory factor, according to Wendy Savage, was that surgeons just did not appreciate the psychological significance of the breast to the average woman. "It was only when women started to say, 'This operation has had a devastating effect upon my life,' that surgeons began to listen." For this reason Mrs Savage still feels it is important that surgeons are more than just sophisticated body mechanics, that they do relate to the patients they treat, that they possess a reasonably developed sensitivity to their patients' fears and feelings.

But is it realistic, I asked her, to expect that a surgeon should have to be able to communicate effectively with patients as well as maintain his own technical skills, and maintain an adequate knowledge of complicated fields of related research in immunology, pharmacology and molecular biology? Would it not be more realistic to employ a properly trained mastectomy counsellor? No, she felt that it was still important that the doctor looking after the patient should be able to do all these things. In so far as surgeons communicated badly, the way we educated them was to blame. True, some students coming into medicine may never make good communicators with their patients but this is not true of the overwhelming majority. The people coming into medical school are tremendous all-rounders, not merely youngsters with formidable A levels in the sciences but fine debaters, musicians, actors, athletes.

"If we had a training system in which the emotional side of medicine and medical care was properly recognized rather than emphasizing the strategy of the stiff upper lip as a method of coping," declared Mrs Savage vigorously, "we would produce better physicians and surgeons."

So what did they look for in students when considering their suitability for a career in surgery? Richard Wood emphasized motivation. Students contemplating a career in surgery should

be "interested, enthusiastic and committed". There needs to be an immense commitment to care for their patients, to come in and look after them after the operation. You cannot just do the operation and then walk away. Yes, this does mean a certain degree of single-mindedness. I want to inculcate a sense of pro-

fessionalism in our medical students. Perhaps one of the weaknesses of the medical course in the past has been that it hasn't really put across the importance of professionalism, a professionalism that you see immediately you enter medical schools in the United States.

Professor Calne thought commitment quickly distinguished the genuine surgical recruit from the rest. "If they want to do surgery enough they will do it." All three surgeons mentioned sacrifices inherent in such a career choice and a long period of training in a subordinate position. Because there are too many training posts and not enough consultant posts, fully trained ➤➤➤



Professor Sir Roy Calne, MA MS FRCS FRS, 56, Professor of Surgery, University of Cambridge. Married, with four daughters and two sons



6 The way male  
surgeons  
deal with their  
emotional  
reactions to nasty  
cancers and  
mutilating surgery  
is to turn the  
whole business  
into a joke

MRS WENDY SAVAGE

➤➤➤ surgeons languish in frustration for up to 15 years before acquiring an appropriately senior position. During this period financial rewards, as Sir Roy pointed out, will be very much less than for their contemporaries in, say, general practice. There will be many nights when they will have to spend the whole time working in the operating theatre and then, next day, will have to undertake their usual routine duties. There will be many occasions, too, when having planned a night out or dinner with friends they will have to cancel because of some surgical emergency or complication developing. All these sacrifices are acceptable but they are sacrifices for all that.

Given such demands, what are the career prospects for women in surgery? Sir Roy Calne had little doubt that it is a harder career for women. "It is very, very difficult for a girl to do surgery and compete with a man and have children and rear them. Many forego family life. It is difficult to take a couple of years off, have a family and then return to full-time surgery." Women surgeons need to be careful in selecting a spouse. "They should not select another surgeon!"

Professor Wood agreed that it was difficult for women to pursue their way through the current training schemes. "I like to think that this is not because the way is particularly barred to them by male chauvinistic attitudes." No, it was rather that the time demands of surgery made it exceedingly difficult to rear a family as well. It was not because women lacked the know-how—"I think many people would feel that women in many ways have perhaps greater manual skills than men," Wood admitted—but because the hours made family life virtually impossible.

Not surprisingly Mrs Savage had a somewhat different perspective. She identified two reasons why many women do not see surgery as a possible career. First, she felt that women were more interested in the more caring aspects and the more emotional side of medicine. They are more likely to do psychiatry, for example, or general

practice. However, as Mrs Savage herself then pointed out, this cannot be the whole reason because over the past 10 years more and more women have entered training in obstetrics and gynaecology even if the number coming out each year at the other end remains roughly unchanged. Her second explanation is that both young men and women are finding it difficult to stand the pace. There is a new generation who see that a man needs to be at home with his children at reasonable intervals.

But what about the hours, I persisted? What about the continuity of care that Mrs Savage herself demanded? At this, Mrs Savage turned her attentions to

the way in which in Britain we got by with fewer surgeons. To have many more surgeons at consultant level, male and female, would allow them to lead somewhat more balanced lives. But the case against, she pointed out, did not just come from a government anxious at the financial implications. It came from sur-

geons anxious that they might not see enough of the interesting surgical problems if their case loads were reduced.

Women are given strong messages that surgery is not a good specialty for them. For one thing there are hardly any role models of successful women surgeons for aspiring surgical recruits to adopt and follow. Such role models as there are are intimidating, the "superwoman" phenomenon. Second, male surgeons can be crude—the way they deal with their emotional reactions to nasty cancers and mutilating surgery is to turn the whole business into a joke—"and that," insists Mrs Savage, "is not the woman's way of dealing with feelings." So the female surgical recruit has either to be tougher than the boys (and then she gets criticized for being a sort of "surrogate male") or she leaves and takes up something else.

Whatever the difficulties, the long hours, the financial sacrifices, the discrimination and the poor career prospects, all three surgeons relished their work and never regretted for a moment their career choice. They were, each in their own way, brisk and to the point; rarely did any of them use two words when one would do. Opinions were expressed crisply. Poorly phrased questions were dealt with sympathetically but firmly. Decisive and undisturbed they did, indeed, appear to be, but of slight brutality there was no sign.

Sir Roy Calne did admit to a weariness with the paperwork emanating from the university, the DHSS and the hospital but seemed resigned to having to carry the burden himself in lieu of the professional administrator whom he saw to be the obvious answer. But in general I was struck by their professional morale. It served to dispel some of the gloom fostered by headlines devoted to a National Health Service in apparent crisis and reassured me that should I or my wife ever need a decent surgeon, the health service would continue to oblige ○



Professor Richard Wood, MA MD FRCS, 44,  
Professor of Surgery, St Bartholomew's Hospital  
Medical College. Married, with two sons

Anthony Clare is professor of psychological medicine at St Bartholomew's Hospital, London.



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Lot 18. "BEWARE OF THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING"  
*Unsigned. Oil on canvas. (30cm x 60cm).*











# SUMMER SEASONING

England's summer round of social events follows unerring tradition. But as times change, people change with them bemoans Tim Satchell. Nowadays money buys access to those exclusive haunts where once only those with breeding dared tread. Photographs by Patrick Ward.

When debutantes were last presented at court in 1958, many forecast the collapse of a leisured society long known and enjoyed by a privileged few. But money steps in where breeding can no longer afford to tread; and there has been a high survival rate among those with the sort of background and family history which were once a prerequisite for social success—or at least acceptability.

Genetics have doubtless played their part. It must need the same kind of strength, power and ruthlessness to overrun and repress thousands of peasants and acquire a dukedom as it now does to make a few million pounds on your computer terminal before breakfast. As the reorganization of society throws up its Big Bangs and its six-figure salaries, new money replaces old and swells the ranks of the privileged. Some doors may remain closed to the newly arrived, but not many.

At one time divorcees were not allowed into the Royal Enclosure at Ascot. Now all kinds of riff-raff are to be found scrumming together for a view of the Queen—even clap-

ping enthusiastically when they see her, no one knows why. Do they think it is a speech day or a hospital opening? The lawns at Glyndebourne seem to be awash with Crimplene dresses and middle-management types. At the Derby there are at least 100 "Original Gypsy Rose Lees", all eager to tell your fortune ("You are about to lose at least £5...").

Even so, there is still a thrill from attending any of the season's events for the first time. You may be appalled by the serving of strawberries and cream on paper plates in the Members' Room at Wimbledon, but no such gaffes affect the quality of the tennis.

From Cowes to May Balls, from the Fourth of June to the Glorious Twelfth of August, the occasions will never be as grand, as smart, as glittering as in the old days. But they will continue, changing with the times, and the people changing with them.



## ROYAL ASCOT

*David Shilling, society milliner*

I like Ascot. It's nice to see old friends, and people do look marvellous. You can't always tell which hats are mine. I design my mother's at the last minute; they are meant to be fun and as topical as possible.

## WINDSOR HORSE SHOW

*Mrs Libby King, pony breeder and regular winner at the show*

Windsor is the first big horse show of the year and it's also the smartest and by far the most comprehensive. It is a fantastically expensive show to take part in as they charge so much for the stabling; foreigners get it free.







## CAMBRIDGE EIGHTS WEEK

*Frederic Raphael, novelist, screenwriter and  
St John's College alumnus*

I had gone to a non-rowing school and there was always the great cleavage between the Arty and the Hearty. So I have never been in one of those funny little boats. I did once throw a frying pan at a cox, but I think I missed him.



## COWES

*Liz Brewer, PR girl and socialite*

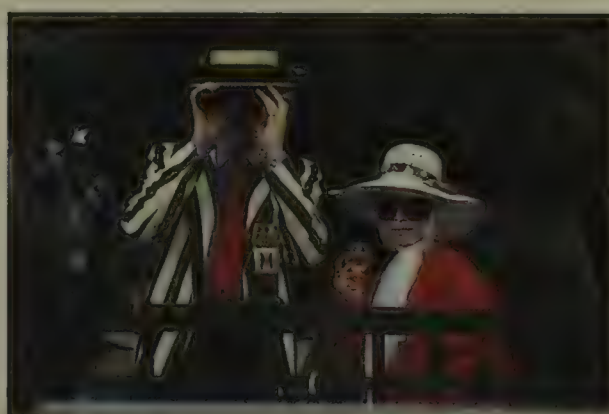
We always have a house party of about 30 and it's frightfully glamorous. All the most wonderful yachts, and parties all the time. The club houses have wonderful marquees at the back of them for the balls. There's an awful lot of racing, too, but I'm sure there must be plenty of people who never see any.



## THE FOURTH OF JUNE, ETON

*Brian Johnston, cricket commentator, broadcaster  
and Old Etonian*

The smell of carnations. That's what it always meant to me. Going down to Barnes Pool Bridge. The main event was the fireworks. People standing up in the boats, watching, trying not to fall in. Having a marvellous picnic in the fields. It was a nice day to look forward to.



## HENLEY REGATTA

*Dan Topolski, Oxford University rowing coach, Blue  
and international oarsman*

It's slightly eccentric and very English. The atmosphere on the bank is marvellous. There's only room for two abreast on the river. It's not at all like the world championship where you are racing in six lanes and you really feel you are in the big league and very professional. It's very individual and very special.



## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE MAY BALLS

*Christopher Hudson, author of  
The Killing Fields, and  
alumnus of Jesus College,  
Oxford*

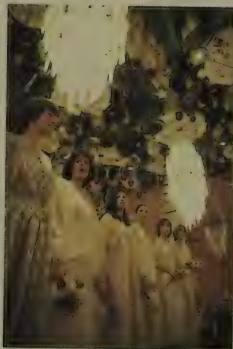
May Balls normally took place in a rather dank mist rising off the fields. I think they interrupted rather than helped relationships as there was something appallingly formal about inviting a girl to a May Ball. They were very much set up to be the climax to a relationship.



## GLYNDEBOURNE

*Sir Hugh Casson, architect,  
designer and former President of the  
Royal Academy*

The change I've noticed over the years is that the balcony people are more the music lovers. The stalls seem to be all the guests of the big sponsors; and the bigger the sponsors, the nearer the stage they get... The restaurant is very good if you don't have a picnic.



## DEBUTANTES BERKELEY DRESS SHOW

*Barbara Cartland, novelist*

I came out in 1919. Things were quite different then and we couldn't afford big dances as it was just after the War. We couldn't go out to dinner alone with a man. That was just not done. So I would have dinner at home with my mother; then a man who would have dined at The Guards' Club in his dinner jacket would have taken me out. There'd be some more or less grand dance—the invitations would say "Miss Cartland and partner"—and then we'd slope off to a night-club... We just danced and danced and danced.



## WIMBLEDON

*Anne Hobbs, tennis player, ranked fourth in Britain*

It's the best organized tournament for both the players and spectators. What is wrong is the traffic problem. You can spend hours getting there. That and the practice facilities, which are really not adequate. Why players like it so much is that it does have that tradition and Englishness.

## BUCKINGHAM PALACE GARDEN PARTIES

*Nigel Dempster, Daily Mail diarist*

They are just for the worthy from the shires. Not very interesting. Not much fun. The only possible reason for going is if you haven't been before. Otherwise it's queues, more queues and not even particularly good tea.











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# AT HOME WITH CHURCHILL

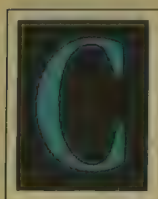
BY WILLIAM MANCHESTER



**F**or 10 years from 1929, when he was out of office, Winston Churchill centred his life on Chartwell, the country house in Kent which he bought in 1922 and of which he once said, "A day away from Chartwell is a day wasted." There, in the 1930s, he fashioned a unique life—writing, dictating, building walls, painting pictures, entertaining guests with long political monologues and occasional bursts of song, feeding his fish, often alone with his thoughts, and constantly warning his unbelieving countrymen of the mortal danger ahead. An American historian here vividly re-creates a day in the life of Churchill during his political exile at Chartwell to illustrate the complex character of the greatest Englishman of his time.



# THE GREAT SANCTUARY



*Chartwell. 1932. Early morning.* The first olive moments of daylight, anticipating the imminent appearance of the sun over the Channel, disclose a wide, misty, treeless plain descending to the South

Downs and the sea. This is the great green Weald of Kent. It is a peculiarity of the Weald's terrain—demonstrated in the shrouded past by Romans, Saxons and Normans—that it would be quite defenceless should an enterprising foe cross the Channel. Were any force to prepare for an invasion, its campfires on the far shore would be visible from here. But now, 14 years after the Armistice of 1918, the Weald is an idyll of peace, and the explorer on foot finds that it possesses camouflaged delights. Its smooth breast, for example, is not entirely unbroken. The pastureland, sloping upwards towards London, is cleaved by a shallow valley. This comb rises to a timbered crest. There, among 82 sheltering acres of beech, oak, lime and chestnut, stands the singular country home of England's most singular statesman, a brilliant, domineering, intuitive, inconsiderate, self-centred, emotional, generous, ruthless, visionary, megalomaniacal and heroic genius who inspires fear, devotion, rage and admiration among his peers.

At the very least he is the greatest Englishman since Wellington, a quaint survivor of Britain's past who grapples with the future because he alone can see it. Yet even as events in Central Europe confirm his warnings, the House of Commons, which did not heed them and now ignores them, shouts him down, silencing the old lion who asks but for one more pounce, knowing that if he misses his spring all that he cherishes, including freedom and Western civilization, will be irrevocably lost.

Now in his 58th year, he is already regarded as an anachronism. He first became a household word as a gallant young British officer, a loyal subject of Queen Victoria, handsome and recklessly brave, serving in battles on India's north-west frontier, with Kitchener at Khartoum, and in the Boer War—all symbols of the nation's imperial past, which he fiercely defends despite flagging allegiance elsewhere in the realm. He is mocked for failures that were not his, notably his strategy to force the Dardanelles, which, under competent officers, could have brought the Allied Powers a brilliant, relatively bloodless victory by 1916 but was bungled by timid British commanders at the scene and inadequate support in Whitehall. He seems less a figure of the 20th century (which he loathes) than of the 19th or, reaching even farther back, of Renaissance versatility. The wide sweep of his interests and activities embraces literature, painting, philosophy, hunting, polo, military science, the history of the United States—even architecture, bricklaying and landscaping. Indeed, many of the shining ponds, pools and happy waterfalls between the Weald and the manor

were created by him, wearing hip-high wellingtons and excavating the rich earth.

Tree-locked and silent at dawn, Chartwell's grounds further testify to his stamina. On the south side of the house a garden walled by pleasant red brick—walled by him—invites his guest inside the "Mary Scot", a brick playhouse that he built for his 10-year-old daughter Mary. Between the playhouse and the great house lie his orchard and a tennis court of barbered grass he shaped for his wife, Clementine. Eastwards the flushed sky reveals a lawn terrace; northwards his heated swimming pool and a pool inhabited by black swans and "Churchill's goldfish" (actually golden orfe). He is planning to cement into Chartwell's north wall, overlooking the pool, the family's coat of arms and its Spanish motto, so appropriate in these years of Churchill's political exile: *Fiel Pero Desdichado* ("faithful but unfortunate").

Interspersed among other gardens on the grounds are various lesser buildings, including a studio. A white cottage with two bedrooms houses Maryott Whyte, Mary's governess—"Nana" to the little girl but "Cousin Moppet" to the others; she and Nellie Romilly, Clementine's sister, are two of Mrs

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Churchill's relatives sharing the household tasks. Another cottage is planned; Winston expects to finish it in 1939; then he and Clemmie will move into it, leaving the mansion to their son Randolph. It is startling to realize that you are less than 25 miles from Hyde Park Corner. There men on soapboxes tell crowds that society is rushing towards catastrophe. In seven years it will be upon them, but here all is serene. The sound of heavy guns, the roar of hostile bomb-laden aircraft overhead, arrowing towards London, is unimaginable. Quietude lies like a comforting veil over the householder's small masterpiece, and his Daimler 35/120 six-cylinder Landaulette seems an intrusion. He would do without it if he could; he despises cars, and if he encounters a traffic jam on one of those infrequent occasions when he himself is at the wheel, he simply drives on the pavement.

The house is a metaphor of its squire. It is above all staunch. On the outside the red bricks meet neatly, within the walls are upright; studs join beams with precision, doors fit sensibly. Like the householder, it is complex and, like him, steeped in the past. Most of the existing structure was built late in the

15th century, but annals record an owner in 1350, and the oldest part of the building, now occupied by Churchill's study, dates from 20 years after the Battle of Hastings, making it 10 years older than Westminster Hall. After acquiring it for £5,000 in the early 1920s, he spent £18,000 on renovations. The front is stately, almost classic in its simplicity. The back of the mansion is craggy, a consequence of the master's many accretions.

At daybreak the air is fresh and cool, but by midmorning it will be uncomfortably warm, and the mullioned, transomed windows are open. There is an exception. Those in Churchill's bedroom are puttied shut. He likes the country, but not country air; draughts, he believes, invite common colds, to which he has been susceptible since childhood. There is also the matter of noise. Any noise, especially if high-pitched, is an abomination. The jangling of cowbells will destroy his train of thought. But whistling, notes W. H. Thompson, the Scotland Yard detective who serves as his bodyguard from time to time, is the worst: "It sets up an almost psychiatric disturbance in him—intense, immediate and irrational."

Daybreak brings movement to Chartwell's grounds. Sleep still envelops master, mistress and their four children—Diana, 23 and about to be married; Randolph, 21 and already a problem (he has been drinking double brandies since he was 18); Titian-haired Sarah, dreaming of fame on the stage at 18; and in the bedroom above her, little Mary, who mercilessly taunts Sarah about her boyfriends. The pets are up and about, however. Trouble, Sarah's chocolate-coloured spaniel, Harvey, Randolph's fox terrier, and Mary's Blenheim spaniel, Jasper, a gift of the Duchess of Marlborough, are investigating the rose bushes and anointing them. Winston's pet cat, a marmalade named Tango, stretches himself; so does Mickey, a tabby.

Presently people appear. Because today is a special occasion—all the children are home—the cook is Mrs Georgina Landemare. These days Mrs Landemare is here on and off, but like many other Westerham folk, she will eventually be absorbed by Chartwell and the needs of its master. Already there are 18 servants, including Mr Kurn, an assistant gardener who now arrives from his home in nearby Westerham to prowling the grounds in his daily search for the cigar butts Winston discarded yesterday, to use in his pipe.

Most of the staff are natives of Westerham. Both his secretaries, Grace Hamblin and Violet Pearman ("Mrs P"), live within walking distance. Since childhood they have known Frank Jenner, the Westerham taxi driver who sometimes carries Churchill to Parliament and back and also serves as Chartwell's handyman, and Harry Whitbread, the labourer who taught Churchill to lay bricks and returns from time to time to work beside him. All of them, regardless of political persuasion, are proud of their eminent neighbour, though far from awed. Whitbread lectures him on how working men see social issues; Winston is attentive and thanks him afterwards. The town delights in Churchillian lore. Once a month Westerham's barber trims his fringe of hair in his bedroom. Recently a temporary replacement asked him how he would like his hair cut. Churchill replied: "A man of my limited resources ➤➤➤"





The wide sweep of Churchill's interests embraced bricklaying: here he is at work at Chartwell, 1930.



»→ cannot presume to have a hairstyle. Get on and cut it.”

Chartwell is Churchill's sanctuary, his great keep. All his forays into tumultuous London politics are made from this sure base. However harsh the storms in the House, or the attacks on him in the Press, here he is among friends and on grounds which, to him, epitomize his island nation. To him the essence of Chartwell is that it is completely, utterly, entirely *English*.

As one of the last great advocates of the British Empire, he remembers the dictum of Queen Victoria: “I think it very unwise to give up what we hold.” His struggle against England's pledge to free India has cost him much. But on matters of principle he has never learnt how to compromise. *He does not know how to give in.*

Had he yielded on India, he could have looked to broader, brighter horizons. But he believes in his star. And if he can be spectacularly wrong, he can also be terrifically right. Almost alone he has seen England imperilled by the greatest evil Europe has ever known. If we are to understand his victories and his defeats, we must try to define him, to identify him. One way is to follow him through a typical day at Chartwell. It is worthwhile if only because he will be forever remembered, not only as a great statesman but also as one of history's great originals.

## THE SLEEPER AWAKES



he spacious cream drawing room overlooks the Weald. Beneath the prismatic gleams of its 18th-century chandeliers, an exquisite little clock stands upon a mahogany Louis XVI *bureau à cylindre*. Now, at 8 am, it

chimes. Above, in the householder's study, the sound is echoed as another clock also tells the hour. Simultaneously a sibilant rustle of Irish linen breaks the hush in Churchill's bedroom a few feet away, as he sits bolt upright and yanks off his black satin sleeping mask. *He*, not the sun, determines when he will greet the new day. Fumbling on the bedside table, he rings the bell for his valet-cum-butler, or, as Churchill says, “my man”.

A minute passes; two minutes. No valet. Winston fumes; the Churchillian lower lip juts out. His bizarre daily routine deceives visitors who think it disorderly. Those who live at Chartwell know better. Though very odd, it *is* a schedule—is, in fact, a rigid one. Young F. W. Deakin will soon join the household, leaving his don's rooms at Christ Church, Oxford, to be the chief researcher (at a mere £300 a year) for Winston's multi-volume biography of his great ancestor John Churchill, the first Duke of Marlborough. Long afterwards Deakin will recall: “He was totally organized, almost like a clock. His routine was absolutely dictatorial. He set himself a ruthless timetable every day and would get very agitated, even cross, if it was broken.” He is very cross now. His valet is often dilatory, though today the blame is not his. Lately the bell has not been working properly. And

though Churchill is now bellowing, his shouts are unheard. That is partly his fault. The walls in this part of the mansion are thick. But by puttying all the crevices, he has effectively soundproofed the room.

Raging, he flings aside the counterpane, leaps out, stamps his bare foot like a spoilt child, and then stalks dramatically across the room, crossing the threshold and reaching the landing in pursuit of his man. This happens from time to time, and the effect is sometimes spectacular, for Churchill sleeps naked and remains so on such sorties. He will don a robe when visiting other homes, “in deference”, as he puts it, to his hosts’ “views of propriety”, but at Chartwell he feels free to roam around nude; as one of his servants will later explain, it seems “completely natural to him”. It did not seem natural to a young housemaid who has just left his employ. Looking up the stairwell one morning, she beheld on the top step Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill in the buff—all 15 stone of him, a tall, pink man with a bald, smooth dome and broad if slightly stooped shoulders, glaring down at her, as one of Winston's secretaries remembers, “like a laser beam”. The girl fled shrieking.

At long last his valet arrives with profuse apologies—a little man with few teeth, a pronounced lisp and many comical gestures, which the Churchill children delight in mimicking. But their father values him; whatever his flaws, he knows the daily drill. He opens the day properly, carrying in a tray bearing his master's first meal of the day—orange juice from a bottle (Winston detests freshly squeezed juice) and a cooked English breakfast, with, as the *pièce de résistance*, a small steak, or a cutlet Churchill ordered set aside at last evening's dinner for this very purpose. There is also a small dish of jam, usually black cherry. If the jam has been forgotten Winston will lie there, propped on pillows, pouting and refusing to touch anything on the tray until the jam appears.

Rising, he moves towards the bathroom with an alacrity surprising for his age and weight and quickly shaves himself with a safety razor while Sawyers draws the first of his two daily baths. Like preparing the breakfast, this requires precision. Churchill will not enter the tub until it is two-thirds full and the bath thermometer registers 98°F. Once in, he demands that the temperature be raised to 104°. Sawyers, obedient, again opens the hot spigot. The water has now reached the brim. Winston likes it that way; on his instructions the bath's overflow drain has been sealed off. This is splendid hydrotherapy, but like his immodest excursions beyond his bedroom door, it invites disaster. He likes to play in his bath, and when on impulse he turned a somersault, “exactly like a porpoise”, a spectator recalls, the tub overflowed, damaging the ceiling below and, worse, drenching the frock of an eminent Frenchman who had called there to pay his respects. Now a special drain has been installed. Churchill lolls in his bath, reciting Kipling, rehearsing speeches or lectures he will soon deliver, or singing, not in the virile baritone familiar in Parliament, but in a soft, high tone.

Emerging pink and clean, he waits impatiently until his valet has towelled him dry and then slips into one of two worn-out,

cherished dressing gowns. The more subdued is dark-blue velvet, with his initials embroidered in gold over the pocket; the other, a riot of green and gold displaying a scarlet dragon coiled sinuously around his plump torso. His valet has been busy during his bath. Churchill will remain in bed until early afternoon and, for a man with his tender skin, this invites bed-sores. Therefore his valet has brought a basket of large sponges, which he now deftly thrusts between the sheet and Churchill's elbows as his master yaws this way and that.

## MORNINGS IN BED



he tray has gone. Remaining within reach are the jam and a weak Scotch and soda—always Johnnie Walker Red—which the prostrate Winston will sip occasionally over the next

four hours in the tradition of Palmerston, Pitt and Baldwin. However, the legend that he is a heavy drinker is quite untrue. Churchill is a sensible, if unorthodox, drinker. There is always some alcohol in his bloodstream, and it reaches its peak late in the evening, after he has had two or three Scotches, several glasses of champagne, at least two brandies and a highball, but his family never sees him the worse for drink. He remarks, “We all despise a man who gets drunk,” and, after an exchange of views on drinking, “All I can say is that I have taken more out of alcohol than alcohol has taken out of me.”

He encourages absurd myths about his alcoholic capacity, however, partly to furbish his macho image, which needs it because he cries so often in public (“I'm a blubberer,” he cheerfully tells friends), and partly because Europeans still like to think that their leaders are men who can hold their liquor.

Winston tipples off and on all day but never gets drunk. Having tasted this first Scotch, he is ready for Mary's pug dog, who leaps upon the bed, trembling with joy, tail wagging furiously. Churchill then lights his first cigar of the day. Chartwell's cigar hoard, which will grow to more than 3,000, comes from Havana, mostly Romeo y Julietas and Las Aromas de Cubas, kept in a tiny room between this chamber and his study on shelves labelled “wrapped”, “naked”, and “large”. Friends and admirers have sent Winston countless cigar cutters, and he carries one on his watch-chain. He never uses them, however. Instead he moistens one end of a fresh cigar, pierces it with a long match, blows through it from the other end to clear a passage, and lights it from the candle that always stands by his bed. During the course of a day he may consume 10 or more cigars, but he seldom smokes one through. Indeed, most of the time they will be unlit. He simply chews them and never inhales. If one becomes hopelessly frayed, he may wrap it in gummed brown paper, calling this improvisation a “belly band”.

The morning papers are neatly stacked by the bed, with *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph* on top and the *Daily Worker* on the bottom. Editorials are read first, frequently



with such intense concentration that the newsprint may become hopelessly smeared with jam. That is a servant's problem, not his; when Winston has finished a page, he simply lets it slide to the floor. All in all he devotes two hours to the Press, occasionally stepping into his slippers and striding towards his wife's bedroom to call her attention to this or that item. It may be a mere statistic representing an increase in Germany's mineral ore imports, but he sees significance in it. Or she may arrive at *his* bedside on a similar errand. Although they never breakfast together, each starts the day with the same rite.

As he glares at the last pages of the *Worker*, Mrs P or Grace Hamblin—later to be joined by Kathleen Hill—enters the room. It is important that she does so boldly, even noisily; her employer is not deaf, but he dislikes surprises. If someone glides in, he will rise wrathfully and roar, "Goddammit!". As she prepares to take dictation, he goes through the morning post, swiftly sorting it into three piles: affairs of state, private correspondence and letters from the general public. As a young author he had written his mother, "My hand gets so cramped I am writing every word twice & some parts three times." Now he seldom puts a word on paper himself—except when affixing his signature,

correcting galley proofs, or writing to close friends and his immediate family; and he always uses fountain pens, blue ink for correspondence, red for proofs. The humblest correspondent receives a reply, but the secretary writes it; Winston merely outlines in the most general way what he wants said and she, familiar with his style and his love of anachronistic phrases ("sorely tried", "most grieved", "keenly elated", "pray give me the facts", "highly diverted") fills it out.

Once the mail has been cleared away, memoranda dictated and visitors greeted—he will receive anyone except the King in his bedchamber—he may summon Bill Deakin, glance through proofs, and say, "Look this up," or "Find out about this." Deakin may be asked to read certain documents aloud. Or Churchill may turn to speeches. By noon the cadences of his prose have begun to trot; by 1pm they are galloping; in the words of Mrs Hill, he would often be "dashing around in vest and underpants and a bright red cummerbund while I trotted behind him from room to room with a pad and pencil struggling to keep pace with the torrential flow of words". One has the impression of a man in a desperate hurry, not even dressed yet, already behind schedule—which is, in fact, the case.

## THE LUNCH CRISIS



He is approaching his daily lunch crisis. The meal is to be served at 1.15; often eminent guests are arriving. And he is never there to greet them. He deplores this tardiness in himself yet cannot break it, though

everyone within seething distance of Chartwell knows the explanation: he systematically under-estimates, usually by about five minutes, the length of time he needs to do everything, from shaving to wriggling about while his valet dresses him. Its most hair-raising consequences come while he is travelling. Once at Coventry station a close friend was pacing the platform beside an infuriated Clementine. The conductor was signalling "All aboard" when Winston finally came in sight. The friend told Clemmie, "Winston's a sporting man; he always gives the train a chance to get away."

Even at Chartwell his dilatoriness is a source of distress for both his family and the manor's staff. Once a man-servant conspired against him by setting his bedroom clock ahead. It worked for a while, because he scorned that off-spring of trench warfare, the wristwatch, remaining loyal to his large gold watch, known to the family as "the turnip", which lay beyond his grasp. Once his suspicions were aroused, however, the game was up; he exposed it by simply asking morning visitors the time of day.

Eventually a communal effort by all available servants propels their master down into the drawing room, which he enters with a beaming "Here-I-am-at-last" expression. If the assembled guests include a newcomer under the impression that it is a normal upper-class British home, that person is swiftly disillusioned by the greetings exchanged among the Churchills. Instead of "Hallo" they utter elementary animal sounds: "Wow wow!" or "Miaow." In the family, Christian names are replaced by exotic nicknames. Clementine addresses her husband as "Pug", he calls her "Cat"; the children are "Puppy Kitten" (Diana), "the chumbolly" (Randolph), "Mule" (Sarah) and "Mouse" (Mary).

At the round, oak dining-room table on the floor below, Churchill chooses to sit facing eastwards (making that the head of the round table), looking out across his terrace towards the largest of his artificial lakes. The servants place a silver Georgian candle by his setting. He will need it when, after one of his long monologues, he finds that his cigar has gone out. As he approaches his chair, it is evident that he anticipates the meal with relish. Although he scorns exercise, his appetite is always keen. He cannot, however, be considered a gourmet. Intricate dishes are unappreciated by him; for lunch he prefers Irish stew, Yorkshire pudding with "good red beef", as he calls it, or an unsauced whiting with its tail in its mouth. Furthermore, he is a confirmed anthropomorphist; he has adopted many of Chartwell's chickens, as pets, has even given them names and speaks of them as his "friends". So there is rarely fowl. ➤➤



Leaving hospital in New York after being knocked down by a car.



⇒> To Churchill a meal without wine would not be a meal at all. In his eight years as squire of Chartwell he has yet to pass a day without a shining bottle of champagne, always at dinner and often at lunch also. But he confines himself to a single glass now. Apart from his contempt for the fiction that red meat and white wine do not mix, his drinking habits are characteristic of upper-class Englishmen. He regards the American martini as barbaric, and when Jan Christian Smuts arrives and presents him with a bottle of South African brandy, he takes a sip, rolls it around on his tongue, then rolls his eyes, and, beaming at his old friend, says, "My dear Smuts, it is excellent." He pauses. "But it is not brandy." At the end of lunch, after a glass of port with a plain ice and a ripe Stilton, he greets the appearance of Hine, real brandy, with a blissful smile and the reaming of a fresh cigar. Brandy, he believes, is essential to a stable diet, and the older the bottle, the better. Although not inebriated, he becomes more genial, more affable, more expansive, radiating reassurance and a feeling of *Courage*, *mon ami, le diable est mort*.

IF IT WEREN'T  
FOR PAINTING I  
COULDN'T LIVE.  
I COULDN'T  
BEAR THE STRAIN  
OF THINGS

And *mort et bien mort* he is here. Sir John Colville may well be right in arguing that Churchill's friends are—except for the absence of bores and the garrulous—notable for their variety. They include the witty, the ambitious, the lazy, the dull, the exhibitionist, the denuded, the intellectual, and, above all, the honourable. But the most gifted will appear at dinner. And his guests are all friends. In London, even at his *pied-à-terre* at 11 Morpeth Mansions, he is embattled. He needs no snipers here.

But neither are guests confined to lickspittles and sycophants. Himself a celebrity before the turn of the century, before the word had entered common usage, Churchill relishes the company of others in the public eye. His favourite American, the financier Bernard Baruch, visits here whenever in England. T.E. Lawrence, now serving in the RAF ranks under an assumed name, roars up on his motorcycle and, knowing that the spectacle will enchant Mary, appears at dinner in his robes as a Prince of Arabia.

Among the regulars at the table are two MPs who remain loyal to Winston in these years of his political eclipse: the handsome young Robert J. B. "Bob" Boothby and Brendan Bracken, a bash adventurer and self-made millionaire notable for his pug nose,

granny glasses, dishevelled mop of flaming red hair, and the extraordinary rumours, which he encourages, that he is his host's illegitimate son. Winston finds this gossip highly amusing. Clementine does not. She is the only participant who is never intimidated by her husband's deep frowns and hissing wrath, and her dislike of Brendan, revealed by gesture, glance and edged voice, is stark. Churchill admires her spirit—"God," he later confides in a friend, "she dropped down on poor Brendan like a jaguar out of a tree"—but remains silent. Others at the table wonder why. Undeniably Bracken is gifted and able. But his behaviour, even in this most tolerant of homes, is atrocious. Recently he went through Clementine's scrapbook with shears, scissoring out articles on Winston's career.

And Winston, for reasons that reveal more about him than Bracken, enjoys the younger man's company. Men who have done something with their lives interest him—indeed, they are the only men who do. His is particularly impressed by military men; any winner of the Victoria Cross is embraced, and when he meets Sir Bernard Freyberg, the New Zealand war hero, Churchill insists that the embarrassed Freyberg strip so that his host can count his 33 battle scars. Similarly, men who have amassed fortunes, while he has struggled year after year with creditors, hold enormous appeal for him. This is part of Bracken's charm.

It also explains, in part, Winston's fondness for Baruch, though Baruch's appeal is broader. He is an American, he is Jewish, he recognizes the menace of the Third Reich, and Churchill is indebted to him for an extraordinary act of shrewdness and generosity. Winston had been badly hurt in the Wall Street Crash three years ago. Had it not been for Baruch, however, it would have been much worse; he could have spent the rest of his life in debt. He is not a born gambler, he is a born *losing* gambler. In New York at the time, he dropped into Baruch's office and decided to play the market, and as prices tumbled he plunged deeper and deeper, trying to outguess the stock exchange just as he had tried to outguess roulette wheels on the Riviera. On Wall Street, as in Monte Carlo, he failed. At the end of the day he confronted his losses, and, to his surprise, a *ring* of men. Chartwell and everything else he possessed must be sold; he would have to leave the House of Commons and enter business. The financier gently corrected him. Churchill, he said, has lost nothing. Baruch had left instructions to buy equivalent stocks every time Churchill sold his and to sell whenever Churchill bought.

Bracken cannot match that. Being British and in Parliament, however, he can serve his idol in other ways. In the House he is scorned as Winston's "sheepdog," his "lapdog," or—this from Stanley Baldwin—his faithful *cheval*, the Hindi word for minion. But uncritical admiration is precisely what Churchill needs. He is in the third of what will be 10 years of political exile. No other statesman in the country's political history has served so long a Siberian exile, and he would have to have a heart of stone not to be grateful for Bracken's steadfast, unquestioning allegiance. Moreover, this faithful servant has the priceless gift of leading Churchill into laugh-

ter when he is grim, depressed, or angry.

Bracken is one of his two most striking disciples. The other is in many ways Brendan's opposite. Born in Germany of an American mother, Frederick A. Lindemann took his doctorate at the University of Berlin in 1910, continued his scientific studies in Paris and Brussels, confirmed Einstein's refinement of Planck's quantum theory, and, as a member of the Royal Aircraft Establishment in the First World War, organized London's kite-balloon barrage. More spectacular was his solution to the Royal Flying Corps' greatest problem in 1916. British pilots were dying daily in nose dives. At the Royal Aircraft Establishment in Farnborough, Lindemann worked out, with mathematical precision, a manoeuvre which, he said, would bring any aircraft out of a spin. The pilots said it wouldn't work. "The Prof," as Churchill always calls him, taught himself to fly, took off without a parachute, deliberately sent the aircraft down in a spin, and brought it out so successfully that mastering his solution became required of every beginning flyer.

After the Armistice he was appointed Professor of Experimental Philosophy at Oxford

and recognized as one of Europe's leading physicists. Now, in 1932, "the Prof" has just published his *Physical Significance of the Quantum Theory*. His Oxford colleagues believe that his best work is behind him, Professor Derek Jackson notes that the younger generation regards him "as more of a theoretical physicist devoid of experimental ability." Churchill disagrees, and so will history. At a time when Stanley Baldwin is preaching the defeatist gospel, that there is no defence against aerial bombardment, Lindemann has begun to study the preliminary findings of Robert Watson-Watt, a Scottish physicist, on the locating of unseen aircraft by the use of radio beams. Radio Direction Finder, or RDF, will become Lindemann's great mission in the 1930s; it will save England in 1940 and, after its adoption by the Americans (they had done the earliest work in the field, then dropped it), will be rechristened Radio Detection and Ranging, or radar. By then Lindemann, as Lord Cherwell, will be devoting his wizardry to splitting the atom.

The Prof will follow Churchill anywhere. Winston's motives for cultivating him are

very different. Lindemann's many talents include a matchless gift as an interpreter of science for laymen. In the words of Sir John Colville, Lindemann can "simplify the most opaque problem, scientific, mechanical or economic", translating technical jargon into language that provides a "lucid explanation" and sacrifices "nothing of importance". Churchill loathes scientific terminology. He never even mastered school arithmetic. The Prof provides him with the essential facts when he needs them without disrupting his concentration on other matters.

Like radar, Lindemann's "beautiful brain", as Churchill calls it, will prove worth several divisions in the struggle to save England from Hitler. Less than 10 years from now he will arrive at 10 Downing Street with clear, accurate charts that, by replacing statistics, present displays showing England's stockpiles of vital raw materials, the rate at which ships are being launched on the Clyde, and Britain's production of tanks, artillery, small arms and warplanes in terms the Prime Minister can understand.

Assuming Chartwell's guest book is a reliable index, the only ladies who will be

invited to lunch in Churchill's heaven will be escorted, and they will be expected to confine themselves to smiling when their host makes a clever remark, nodding vigorously when he has expressed an opinion, and expressing no opinion of their own. But this is not sexist, because it also applies to gentlemen guests. Winston means to dominate them and cheerfully acknowledges it; his own idea of a fine meal is to dine well and then discuss a serious topic—"with myself as chief conversationalist". It isn't even conversation; unlike Lloyd George he is a poor listener, has little interest in what others have to say, and, if he is not the speaker, withdraws into silent communion with himself while his interior monologue, the flow of private rhetoric, soars on.

In London he will give those who disagree with him a fair hearing: two of his favourite aphorisms are "I would rather be right than consistent" and "In the course of my life I have often had to eat my words, and I must confess that I have always found it a wholesome diet." But at Chartwell, with a glass of brandy in one hand and a cigar in the other, he is inclined to bully those who

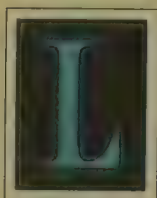


Churchill campaigning for the 1935 general election, at which he retained his seat.



»→ challenge him. And few dare try. Lords Birkenhead and Beaverbrook could. Birkenhead could cross foils with Churchill and win as often as he lost. It is perhaps significant that he became Winston's best friend. And no man has drawn breath who can intimidate Beaverbrook, the great press lord who, when he first met Churchill in 1911, was plain Max Aitken, a Canadian upstart. During one visit here he declined wine with his Stilton. "Port is the brother of cheese," his host said in lordly reproach. "Yes," Max flashed back, "and the sister of gout." But Birkenhead has lain in his grave two years. And Beaverbrook, though Churchill's once and future ally, will seldom be seen at Chartwell in this decade; for all his shrewdness, he shares the almost unanimous conviction of England's ruling classes that Winston exaggerates the Nazi menace; like his fellow press lords, he believes Hitler's friendship worth cultivating and assures his readers—he will reassure them, even when the sands are running out in 1939—that "there will be no war".

## MONARCH OF THE TABLE



acking peers in colloquy, Churchill rules his table as an absolute monarch. Secure here, he can laugh at himself and encourage others to join him. "Megalomania," he says, referring to his domineering manner, "is the only form of sanity."

He has just published a collection of his magazine articles under the title *Thoughts and Adventures* and, as usual, he sent hand-tooled, morocco-bound copies to friends and acquaintances in high places. Opening an envelope bearing the royal crest, he reads aloud an acknowledgement from the Duke of Gloucester: "Dear Winston. Thank you for your new book. I have put it on the shelf with the others." And he relishes and retells the story of how Birkenhead, his adversary when Winston was the Liberal Member for Dundee, set a Tory rally roaring with laughter by interrupting his speech to say, "I see from the *Dundee Advertiser*—I mean the newspaper, not the politician. . . ." Like a man trying on neckties, Churchill tests his phrases at lunch, watching faces to measure their effect. "An immense responsibility," he ruminates, "rests upon the German people for this subservience to the barbaric idea of autocracy. This is the gravamen against them in history—that, in spite of all their brains and courage, they worship power, and let themselves be led by the nose."

The last drop of brandy is gone. He gives the empty bottles a glance, not of regret, but of affection; he will do a painting of them, he announces, and call the completed canvas *Bottlescape*. Through the meal his visage has been kaleidoscopic: sombre, mischievous, bored, proud, arrogant, magnanimous, despairing, indifferent, exalted, contemptuous, adoring. Now it screws up, creasing his laugh lines, and he makes a crowing expiratory sound in his throat—signs, as his friends know, that he is about to amuse them, per-

haps with that odd brand of self-mockery to which British soldiers and parliamentarians alike turn in times of adversity.

They are right. He tells of once taking his annual Riviera holiday without his valet. This, for a patrician of his generation, was a momentous decision. He had never been on a bus or even seen the tube. In travelling alone he felt he was "striking a blow for equality and fraternity", but misadventures plagued him all the way, and he described each, relishing the details.

His luncheon guests laugh; it is a good story. But it is more. Winston cannot get through the day without servants, and he assumes that is true of all gentlemen. It *was* true in his youth, but is no longer. Later John Colville, his assistant private secretary, will ask leave to become an RAF fighter pilot. Winston hates to see a valuable member of his staff go, but it is a request he, of all men, cannot refuse. Alone together, "Jock" and Winston *are* equals; the first Lord Colville became a peer in 1604. The younger man, like Winston, is a Harrovian; his Cambridge college is Trinity; his club, White's. Churchill, the quondam hussar, grandly declaims, "The RAF is the cavalry of modern war." But he is shocked when Colville tells him he will first serve in the ranks as an aircraftman, second class. Winston protests: "You mustn't—you won't be able to take your man!" It hasn't crossed his mind that a civil servant earning £400 a year could hardly afford a valet.

Should his visitors include a guest of great eminence, Churchill will offer to show him round Chartwell's grounds. Otherwise he proceeds with his first afternoon activity: feeding his golden orfe, ducks and swans. Donning a stetson—if there is a chill in the air, he will also wear an overcoat—he heads for a broad wicker chair beside the goldfish pool, calling ahead, "Arf! Arf!" or "Yoick! Yoick!"

They rush to greet him, though a servant, a step behind him, has what they want. Twice a month Frank Jenner collects a blue baby-food tin at the local railway station. Within, packed in sawdust, are maggots, the caviar of goldfish gourmets. Churchill offers a lidful of them to the fish; when it is empty he holds out the lid to be refilled. Near by a wooden box contains breadcrumbs. These Churchill feeds to the ducks and swans.

The feeding is an integral part of the Churchillian day. After it, he sinks into the wicker chair, dismisses the servant, and remains, companionless and immobile, for at least half an hour. A table beside the chair bears another weak Johnnie Walker and soda, a box of cigars, a pagoda-shaped ashtray, and a container of long Canadian matches, useful in a rising wind. The squire of Chartwell prefers solitude here. Long afterwards servants will recall him reciting Housman and Kipling to himself, or reading, or simply staring out across the Weald, alone with his reflections, a great hunched figure whose cigar smoke mingles with the many scents of an English countryside.

His interest in all creatures on his estate is unflagging. As a young colonial undersecretary he had been an enthusiastic hunter of wild game, but those days are past. Now he holds a kitten to his face and murmurs, "Darling". It is true that he kicked a large tabby cat who played with the telephone cord when he was speaking to the Lord

Chancellor of England, shouting, "Get off the line, you fool!"—and hastily telling the chancellor, "Not you!" But afterwards he offered the cat his apologies, which he rarely extended to human beings, cajoling the pet, cooing, "Don't you love me any more?" and proudly telling his valet at breakfast next day, "My Mickey came to see me this morning. All is forgiven."

For Churchill, in his reverence for all living creatures, butterflies are sacred. So are predators. He loses two Siberian geese to foxes, but when a fox trap is proposed, he shakes his head, saying, "I couldn't bear to think of them being hurt."

Still recuperating from a traffic accident in New York the year before, when he stepped into the street against the light—England had no traffic lights in 1932—Churchill lays no bricks these days. But he cannot remain idle. He is, Bill Deaking notes, "incapable of inactivity", and Cousin Moppet writes, "Winston has so many irons in the fire that the day is not nearly long enough." During one of his Johnsonian lunches he remarks: "Broadly speaking, human beings may be divided into three classes: those who are billed to death, those who are worried to death and those who are bored to death." Though heavily billed (he had just settled £1,600 of his son's debts) and deeply concerned about the events stirring Central Europe, he is never bored. To Virginia Cowles, a week-end guest, he says: "With all the fascinating things there are to do in the world, some people while away their time playing Patience. Just fancy!"

But this is not always a healthy sign. Periodically Churchill sinks into ghastly spells of depression. Intimates know when he is so stricken because he becomes preoccupied with death, calling it "the greatest gift God has made to us and I have no desire to quit this world, but desperate thoughts come into the head."

Therefore his incessant activity is often spurred by a determination to outrun the gloom and lassitude of melancholia, or, as he privately calls it, "the black dog on my back". Most depressives cannot mask their misery. Churchill can, and by driving himself he will succeed, until the last decade of his life, in holding his affliction at bay. According to Anthony Storr, the distinguished British psychiatrist, the exceptional depressive who also becomes a great achiever—a Lincoln, a Goethe, a Bismarck, a Luther, a Tolstoy—responds to the onset of a sinking spell by forcing himself into activity, denying himself rest or relaxation, and accomplishing more than most men are capable of, "just because he cannot afford to stop". Later, after Dunkirk, Storr will conclude that Churchill's lifelong "battle with his own despair" endowed him with a power to persuade all England that "despair can be overcome".

Since his physician has banned brick-laying, he heads for his studio, telling a servant to fetch his brushes, easel and palette. He intends to paint "one of my beloved cats" or to re-create on canvas a still life from photographs taken from their latest visit to Cannes or Marrakech. "If it weren't for painting," he tells a friend, "I couldn't live. I couldn't bear the strain of things."

Winston designed the studio. Inside, it is startlingly small, 14 feet square, but it is very lofty, providing maximum light. In construct-



ing it, he put wooden slats along the interior walls; uncompleted canvases went there. Eventually the slats will become shelves, supporting some 500 finished paintings. He rarely paints people, and no violence, but the full body of his work provides a view of his travels: the Acropolis, Stromboli, the canals of Amsterdam, Scandinavian fjords, Pompeii, the Aswan Dam, the Tomb of Cheops, Rome, Rotterdam, Passchendaele, Ypres, Vimy Ridge, Messines, Menen, Waterloo, Scapa Flow, Ulster, Balmoral, Devonshire and Kent. Cathedrals fascinate him. So do ruins; he had to be dragged away from Pompeii. And he finds waterfalls irresistible. He spent days at his easel by the roaring Jordan. On his finished canvas you have an illusion of moving water; you can almost catch the sound of it.

His painting methods are purely Churchillian. Confronted by a virgin canvas, he moves rapidly and decisively, giving the scene a swift appraisal and then slapping on the oils, reacting instinctively to a single theme: a villa, a temple, sailing boats at low tide. Detective Thompson of the Yard, after hours of watching him at his easel, writes: "I would think that the man's inner spirit is superbly calm and that he paints from it—never from the mind or intellect."

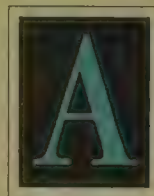
If he has chosen not to paint this afternoon,

he may summon a "Miss" and enter the study to make a start on the day's work, an article for an American magazine, perhaps, or a piece for Fleet Street. Sometimes, while reading in his bedchamber, he will listen to BBC music, provided it is his kind of music—*Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance* and *The Mikado*—or to French military marches.

Now Churchill may withdraw and don a silk sleeping shirt for a siesta, a custom he had adopted in 1895 as a young war correspondent in Cuba, where the climate imposed it. Slipping into it, and drawing the sleeping mask over his eyes, he slides between fresh linen sheets.

He never requires a few seconds to drift off. The moment his cheek touches the pillow, before his valet has even left the room, Winston is slumbering. He can do this almost anywhere. In cars or on board planes he carries a special pillow; he dons the mask, curls his head down into his chest like a mother hen, and enjoys absolute rest until the journey's end. At Chartwell his siesta may last two hours. Refreshed, he joins his family at 5pm, usually playing cards with Clemmie or Randolph in the drawing room. Bridge is rarely played because he never wins. He prefers bezique, a card game dating to the 1500s. Its antiquity qualifies it for Churchillian amusement.

## DINNER WILL BE LATE



s the drawing-room clock strikes 7pm, he mounts the stairs for his second daily bath. During these ablutions he likes an audience, old companions who at appropriate moments will laugh, murmur approval, express

indignation, and understand his arcane references to political upheavals on the Continent and parliamentary intrigue in London. If no close friends are among his guests, he may summon Deakin and review their progress with the Marlborough biography. As a last resort Winston will send for a "Miss" to sit outside and take dictation during pauses in his soaping, rinsing and splashing. Before his valet guides him into his dinner jacket, he signs the day's letters and then dawdles, putting on a record, or fashioning a bellyband, or singing. Dinner, the day's main event, is planned for 8.30. He may reach the drawing-room by 8.45.

It is lunch on a far grander scale, with ➤➤➤



Churchill with the Liberal statesman Lloyd George in 1934.



»→ more guests, of greater distinction, silver buckets of iced champagne, Churchill presiding in his grandest manner, and several courses. Among those most likely to be served are clear soup, oysters, caviar, gruyère cheese, pâté de fois gras, trout, shoulder of lamb, lobster, dressed crab, petite marmite, scampi, Dover sole, chocolate éclairs and, of course, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. Winston *never* eats tripe, crumpets, sausages, cabbage, salami, sauerkraut, corned beef or rice pudding. Clemmie, who knows his preferences, has briefed the cook on what is to be the menu. He decides when meals are to be served, he determines who is to be invited, and he is, and always will be, the dominant figure at the table.

If he has been in London recently, different versions of his latest witicism have been repeated in the clubs of Pall Mall and St James's, in drawing rooms of the West End and the City's counting rooms. Asked now to confirm them, he nods as he gropes for a match or the stem of his wine glass, pausing occasionally to correct a verb or alter syntax. His cousin and frequent adversary Lord Londonderry, hoping to drive home a point, had asked him: "Have you read my latest book?" Winston replied: "No, I only read for pleasure or profit." In Parliament he had remarked upon Sir Stafford Cripps's "look of injured guilt". So many cabinet ministers wanted ennoblement that he had protested: "They can't all have peerages; there ought to be some disappearages." One member of the Government had protested that this was a slur; Churchill shot back, "I know of no case where a man added to his dignity by standing on it."

It is difficult to keep up with a host who can set such a pace. Nevertheless the dinner is not a one-man show. David Lloyd George has been in Parliament 10 years longer than Churchill and has been an awesome Prime Minister for six. Sir Archibald Sinclair—who, when Churchill led a battalion in the trenches, served as his second-in-command—is about to assume leadership of the Liberal Party, which, with 59 seats in the House, holds the balance between Labour and the Conservatives. Alfred Duff Cooper and Anthony Eden, both of whom were decorated for bravery in France, hold sub-cabinet posts in the government and will soon become ministers, Duff Cooper at the War Office and Eden as foreign secretary.

In 1932 few share their host's profound distrust of Hitler, but all meet his conversational standards: "The man who cannot say what he has to say in good English cannot have very much to say that is worth listening to." None hesitates to speak up when he pauses for breath. Winston does not resent this. As Sir David Hunt will recall long afterwards: "He has been accused of excessive addiction to the monologue; there was certainly a tendency that way but he was always tolerant of interjections from his listeners if they were relevant or amusing." Collin Brooks, comparing Churchill in the House with Churchill at Chartwell, notes that "the slow, solemn, weighted pace of his public speeches yields, in the privacy of his home, to a quicker flow". His casual quips "sparkle and sting, but the talk is unhurried, with occasional pauses, for effect or to hold his listeners while he gropes for the right word".

Brooks sets down two of his observations about politics: "We know all the trite things said of Parliamentary life, and some of them are true. But where, in these days, in what forum, what arena, can a man so test, develop and apply his gifts and his qualities? There is scope for everything—industry, gallantry, inventiveness. . . Its mode of oratory, we know, has changed, but the House still has a place for those who cultivate the rhetorical graces. Anyone who has anything constructive to offer to his country should endeavour to make his way into the House of Commons, for it is there that the ultimate seat of power is to be found."

And: "Our weakness today is not in the decline of Parliament itself, but in the diminished interest which the Press gives to it. It is, indeed, heartbreaking for any man to go down day after day in these turbulent times to deliver speeches which, by the content, if not by their form, are of great importance, and to realize that they are heard by but a few hundreds of his fellow Members, and read by but a scattering of people who habitually read *Hansard*."

Here one senses a flicker of bitterness. Rising from his seat below the gangway, the loneliest Member of Parliament, he is scaling heights of eloquence never witnessed by any living Member, yet Fleet Street takes little note of him. His sole hope of awakening

## FREQUENTLY, AS HE DICTATES PASSAGES THAT WILL STIR HIS LISTENERS, HE WEEPS

England to the peril ahead lies in arousing the British public. But if the Press and the BBC find him unnewsworthy, he will sound his alarm bell in vain. Even Lloyd George, Sinclair and Eden are optimistic about the Nazi leader. To them Winston's prophecy that Hitler will lead a criminal regime is, at the very least, irresponsible.

But he did not invite them here to rail at them. He introduces other themes, and, being completely uninhibited, will from time to time burst into song. One guest recalls attending the theatre on the evening the general strike of 1926 ended. He sat directly behind Winston and Clemmie. Now he wonders whether Churchill remembers the show. Churchill not only remembers *Lady Be Good*, starring the Astaires; he can, and does, croon the lyrics of all its tunes. His memory is extraordinary. Lady Violet Bonham Carter, née Asquith, will remember how "he could quote back to me words of which I had no recollection, and when I asked: 'Where does that come from?' he replied: 'You said it' or 'You quoted it to me'—sometimes remem-

bering the time and the place. He could not forget what he liked, except occasionally on purpose, when his own past utterances conflicted with his present attitudes." To illustrate a point he quotes a poem he read in *Punch* 50 years before and has not seen since.

After the ladies have left and the other men gathered around him for port, brandy and cigars, he will sit until 10pm or later, talking of his school days, the great political issues of the past, the MPs who fought over them, battlefields of his youth, strategic innovations in the American Civil War. Using saltshakers, cutlery and brandy goblets, he can re-enact any battle in that war, from Bull Run to Five Forks, citing the troops engaged on either side, identifying the commanders, describing the passage at arms, the aftermath. Reflections on any conceivable subject succeed one another in his racing brain. The plight of mankind, he muses, is "all the fault of the human mind being made in two lobes, only one of which does the thinking, so we are all right-handed or left-handed; whereas if we were properly constructed, we should use our right and left hands with equal force and skill according to circumstances. As it is, those who can win a war well can rarely make a good peace, and those who could make a good peace never win."

Although inept commanders were responsible for the Royal Navy's failure to force the Dardanelles in 1915, and generals to blame for the subsequent slaughter on Gallipoli Peninsula, Churchill has been scapegoated and discredited on military issues, even when his arguments are unanswerable. So men shrug and turn away when he points out that their only hope of avoiding another general war on the Continent lies in following his advice—shoring up England's defences—or, that failing, in turning to a leader who possesses not only vision and intellect but also a capacity for cruelty, brutality, cunning, faith in the superiority of his race, and a positive relish at the prospect of grappling with a nation of warriors led by a demagogue who represented everything he loathed.

The great difference was that Hitler wanted war and was actually annoyed by Britons and Frenchmen who proposed to give him what he wanted without a fight, while Churchill, though a born war-lord, was prepared to sacrifice all save honour and the safety of England to keep the peace. *Mein Kampf* is a difficult book, but no one who has struggled through it can doubt that the author is a killer obsessed with bloodthirstiness. Churchill, on the other hand, after telling his guests that he has already begun research on a major project that will follow Marlborough, a four-volume *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*, gloomily adds: "I doubt if I shall finish it before the war comes. And if I do, the part about the English-Speaking Peoples will be so decisive I shall have to add several more volumes. And if it is not decisive no more histories will be written for years." His yearning for peace was so great that one guest briefly wondered whether he, like so many others, was prepared to pay any price for it. At the time, Churchill was making strenuous efforts to weld together the smaller European states under the League of Nations covenant, confronting Germany with a coalition rallied under the banner of collective security.



Brooks asked him, "Suppose you create it, and supposing a strong note goes to Hitler and the Germans completely ignore it—what do we do then?" There was a pause. Brooks "expected a further exposition of the new diplomacy. What I received was a pair of blazing eyes, a kind of grim chuckle, and the words: 'What do we do then? What do we do then? Fight the beggars!'"

## WORK STARTS AT 11PM



Eleven o'clock. Churchill sees his overnight guests to their rooms and, as they retire, begins his working day. Only since entering his employ has Bill Deakin discovered, to his astonishment, that his employer lacks a large private income, that he lives like a pasha yet must support his extravagant life with his pen. The Churchill children are also unaware that, as Mary will later put it, the family "literally lived from book to book, and from one article to the next". Her mother, who knows, prays that each manuscript will sell. Luckily they all do (with the exception of one screenplay for Alexander Korda), and editors and publishers, both in Britain and America, pay him the highest rates. His output is prodigious. During backbencher years, from early 1931 to late 1939, he published 11 volumes and more than 400 articles, many of them hack work ("Sport Is a Stimulant in Our Workaday World", "The Childless Marriage Threatens Our Race", "What Other Secrets Does the Inventor Hold?"). His average annual earnings are £20,000. During the same period he has delivered, or will, 368 speeches, representing more than a solid year of work for which he is paid nothing.

Winston's Chartwell study is a writer's dream. Entering through the Tudor doorway with its moulded architrave, one looks up and up—the ceiling has been removed, revealing vaulting rafters and beams that were in place long before the Renaissance. One's second impression—and it is strong—is a reminder of the greatest enigma in Churchill's life. Despite his parents' disgraceful neglect of him in his early years, a bronze cast of Jennie's hand lies on one windowsill. The desk and the bureau-bookcase with Gothic glazing were Lord Randolph's. The most prominent painting on the walls depicts his father writing. On the conscious level Winston reveres the memory of both his parents, but the resentment has to be there. His suppression of it is doubtless a heavy contributor to his depressions, and his combativeness arises from the need to find another outlet for his anger. Significantly, he works, not at his father's magnificent mahogany desk with gleaming claw feet, but at a high Disraeli desk of unvarnished deal with a slanting top, designed by Winston and fashioned by a local carpenter—a reminder that Victorians liked to write standing up.

His appearance heralded by the "harff, harff" of his slippers, he enters the room in a red, green and gold dressing gown, the cords trailing behind him. Before greeting Deakin

and the two secretaries on duty tonight, he must read the manuscript he dictated the previous evening and then revise the latest galleys, which arrived a few hours earlier from London. Since Churchill's squiggled red changes exceed the copy already set—the proofs look as though several spiders stained in red ink had wandered across the pages—his printer's bills are shocking. But the expense is offset by his extraordinary fluency. Before the night is out, he will have dictated between 4,000 and 5,000 words. At weekends he may exceed 10,000 words. Once his family presented him with a Dictaphone. He was delighted. It seemed miraculous. He could dictate alone; one of his secretaries could transcribe the recording later. After a productive session he went to bed triumphant, only to be told upon awakening that it was all wasted. He had forgotten to turn the device on. Everything was lost. "No more gadgets!" he roared, and stuck to the old system until his death.

Churchill has developed what Philip Guedalla calls a faculty for "organizing large works". If he is researching a speech, a magazine essay, or a newspaper article, he needs little help. But for a major effort—his four-volume Marlborough, or his *History of the English Speaking Peoples*—he requires a staff, most of them young Oxford graduates hired at very small wages, to whom he assigns

readings and investigations; they then submit précis or memoranda, which he studies between bursts of dictation. For a man approaching 60, Winston does a great deal of his own fieldwork, touring Marlborough's European battlefields—he is amazed at their enormity—but he has no time to rummage through the archives at Blenheim, translate old Flemish documents, or pore over the dispatches of William of Orange. So his staff do it for him. This in no way diminishes his achievements. Dr Johnson needed a team to assemble his dictionary; so did Samuel Eliot Morison for his 15-volume history of US naval operations in the Second World War. At Chartwell the hands may be the hands of Oxford dons, but the voice is unmistakably that of Churchill. No other Member of Parliament would deliver such phrases as "a gathering of audacious buccaneers", or "shameless exactions", or "vehement ebullitions".

Deakin will remember that he, Winston, and the "shorthand typists", as Churchill calls his secretaries, would sometimes "work on Marlborough until three or four in the morning. One felt exhilarated. Part of the secret was his phenomenal, fantastic power to concentrate on what he was doing. And he communicated it. You were absolutely a part of it—swept into it. I might have given him some memorandum before dinner, four ➤➤➤



A painting holiday on the Côte d'Azur, 1933.





Charlie Chaplin (right), was a house-party guest of the Churchills at Chartwell in 1931.

»→ or five hours before. Now he would walk up and down dictating. My facts were there, but he had seen it in deeper perspective. My memorandum was only a frame; it ignited his imagination."

Because tonight's major project is a parliamentary speech, the researchers' tasks are complete before midnight. Those of the shorthand typists—and it is doubtful that secretaries have ever worked under a greater strain—are about to begin. Two will be on hand, to work shifts, and they will have assembled the necessary tools: scrap paper, shorthand notebooks, pens, pencils, rulers, rubbers, scissors, paste, rubber bands, copy paper, carbon paper, an assortment of green tags, a copy of *Vacher's Parliamentary Guide* and Winston's "klop" or "klopper"—a powerful paper punch. Winston despises staplers. Instead the klop perforates a batch of paper; he then threads a piece of string through the hole and attaches it to a tag. In a public address the pages must be in order, and he has an irrational fear that someone will sabotage him, reversing pages. Right up to the moment of delivery he will be nervously checking to reassure himself that they are in sequence.

Sometimes, as Cecily "Chips" Gemmell will recall, the opening hour is "ghastly". There is no diverting him. A stenographer peers through a window and observes blithely, "It's dark outside." Churchill, giving her a bleak look, replies pitilessly, "It generally is at night." His creative flow is blocked; he will

prowl around, fling himself into a chair, bury his head in his hands and mutter, "Christ, I've got to do this speech, and I can't do it, *I can't*." On these occasions, Detective Thompson notes, Winston is "a kicker of wastebaskets, with an unbelievably ungovernable bundle of bad temper. It is better to stay away from him at such times, and this his family seeks to do."

But the helpers have no choice. In time a word will come; then another word; then a lengthy search for the right phrase, ending, after a prolonged mumbling to himself, with a chortle of delight as he finds it. But his pace is still halting; Sir John Martin, one of his principal private secretaries, will later recall it as a "long process, while he carefully savoured and chose his words, often testing alternative words or phrases in a low mutter before coming out loudly with the final choice". He is trying to establish rhythm, and once he has it, his pace quickens. Beginning where he will begin in the House, he opens with what Harold Nicolson calls a "dull, stuffy manner, reciting dates and chronology", but as he progresses he takes a livelier tone, introducing his familiar quips and gestures. Most writers regard the act of creativity as the most private of moments, but for Churchill it is semi-public; not only are the staff on hand, but any guest willing to sacrifice an hour's sleep is also welcome. Here he paces. In the House of Commons pacing is impossible, so he has adopted a different mode of delivery there. Harold Nicolson notes: "His most characteristic gesture is strange indeed. You know the

movement a man makes when he taps his trouser pockets to see whether he has got his latch-key? Well, Winston pats both trouser pockets and then passes his hands up and down from groin to tummy. It's very strange."

In Parliament his wit can flash and sting, but Members who know him well are aware that he has honed these barbs in advance, and only visitors in the Stranger's Gallery are under the impression that his great perorations are extemporaneous. They are the product of toil, sweat and frequent tears. On the average he spends between six and eight hours preparing a 40 minute speech. Frequently, as he dictates passages that will stir his listeners, he weeps; his voice becomes thick with emotion, tears run down his cheeks (and his secretary's). Like any other professional writer, he takes his text through several drafts before it meets his standards, but even in its roughest stages it is free of cant and bureaucratic jargon. Where Stanley Baldwin has said "a bilateral agreement has been reached", Churchill makes it "joined hands together". The "League of Defence Volunteers" becomes the "Home Guard". One sure way of rousing his temper is to call a lorry a "commercial vehicle" or alter "the poor" to the "lower-income group". He wages a long and, in the end, successful campaign to change the Civil Service's standard comment "the answer is in the affirmative" to a simple "yes". A Churchillian text includes such inimitable phrases as "the jaws of winter", "hard and



heavy tidings", and—neither Pitman nor Gregg is equal to this—"a cacophonous chorus". In both conversation and dictation he uses words with great precision and insists that others do the same.

One of his secretaries remembers that they were required to take down every audible word from him; he often changes his mind in midpassage, but he may change it back. If he says "I was going," and adds after a pause "I decided to go", they type: "I was going. I decided to go." They relieve one another from time to time, not because they are exhausted; he wants to see what he had said in cold type. He will revise it in his red ink, redictate it and scrutinize it again. Occasionally he will add a paragraph. When at last he has a final version, it will be typed, on a machine with outsized type, on small pieces of paper, 8 by 4 inches, the lot klopped and strung to a tag. The speech will be set in broken lines to aid his delivery—"speech form," or "psalm form," as Lord Halifax called it:

"I have on more than one occasion  
Made my appeal that the Führer of Germany  
Should become the Hitler of peace.

When a man is fighting in a desperate  
conflict

He may have to grind his teeth and flash his  
eyes;

Anger and hatred nerve the arm of strife.

But success should bring a mellow, genial air  
And, by altering the mood to suit the new  
circumstances

Preserve and consolidate in tolerance and  
goodwill

What has been gained by conflict."

Thus, when Churchill rises to speak in the House, he holds in his hand not notes on the issues he means to address but the entire text of what he intends to say. To be sure, he may say a few words suitable to the occasion, commenting on the remarks of previous speakers, but the rest is a set piece, though few know it; because his delivery gives an illusion of spontaneity and the text includes stage directions ("pause; grope for word") and ("stammer; correct self"), each of his speeches is a dramatic, vibrant occasion.

It would be pleasant to report that his relationship with his staff is genial, that he treats them as he would his daughters, and that he is particularly patient with new secretaries. In fact he treats them like servants. A. J. P. Taylor calls him an "atrocious" taskmaster, and his attitude towards his employees is difficult to understand or, at times, even to excuse. He can summon each of his pets by name, recite poetry by the hour, and remember the exact circumstances under which he learnt of an event 50 years earlier, but he knows the names of only three or four of his 18 servants and stenographers. They are "the tall miss with blue eyes" or "the man with ginger hair".

Newcomers find his lisp an obstacle—they simply do not understand what he is saying—but he makes no allowance for that. "Chips" Gemmell will remember that during her first session she "sat there terrified; I couldn't understand a word he was saying, and I couldn't keep up with him. I thought, this is a nightmare. This isn't happening. So I went plop, plop, quite convinced it wasn't real." Winston didn't read her typewritten

script until the team assembled in the study the following evening. He glanced through the first two pages, his face passing through deeper and deeper shades of red and his frown growing more savage until he rose, flung the sheets on the floor, stamped his feet and screamed: "You haven't got one word in 50 right! *Not one word in 50! NOT ONE WORD IN 50!*"

She froze. So did Elizabeth Nel, when, on the evening of her secretarial baptism, she found her machine had been set at single, not double spacing. With Churchill rattling along, uncharacteristically fluent at this early hour, she had no time to switch. After she had passed him the first page, she will recall, "he went off like a rocket. I was a fool, a mug, an idiot: I was to leave his presence and one of the others was to appear." Later she was given a second chance, and, still later, a third. She was understandably nervous, and "my apprehensions were seldom ill-founded. More often than not it would come skimming back to me with a few red alterations on it, sometimes to the accompaniment of remarks disparaging to my education and sense of hearing." Yet their misunderstandings are completely understandable. Who can blame a stenographer who types lemons when he means the Greek island of Lemnos, mistakes fretful for dreadful, or perfervid for perverted? Winston can and does; he rages and stamps his feet.

Occasionally the secretaries guess at a word, trusting to chance rather than provoke certain wrath by asking, "What did you say, sir?" Any break in his creative flow is intolerable to him. When a girl reaches the bottom of a page, she must remove paper, carbon and second sheet, then insert a new set and roll it into place. Winston makes no allowance for this. He barks: "Come on! Come on! What are you waiting for?" The crackling of carbon and the flimsy second sheets is almost as intolerable to him as whistling. He splutters: "Don't fidget so with that paper! Stop it!" His tantrums would be more bearable if he apologized afterwards or complimented them on work well done. He never does either. When one of the secretaries carries on the night after one of his outbursts, he may mutter, "There, I knew you could do it." Or if one bursts into tears: "Good heavens, you mustn't mind me. We're all toads beneath the harrow, you know." Once a manservant stood up to him. The result was a blazing row. At the end of it Churchill, his lower lip jutting, said, "You were very rude to me, you know." The servant, still seething, replied, "Yes, but you were rude too." Churchill grumbled, "Yes, but I am a great man."

At Chartwell this is the last word. Later the servant will say: "There was no answer to that. He knew, as I and the rest of the world knew, that he was right." Elizabeth Nel, after reciting her very legitimate grievances, adds: "Neither I nor anyone else considered this treatment unfair. . . I used to wonder how long his patience would last, if he would not one day say, 'Go, and never let me see you again.'" Phyllis Moir, another member of the secretarial pool, will recall Winston on the telephone, telling her to fetch him certain papers: "Mr Churchill was standing by the telephone, his face very red and very angry, stamping his feet and sputtering with rage. He literally tore the papers out of my hand and savagely stam-

pered an incoherent answer into the mouthpiece." She adds loyally: Mr Churchill is not the sort of man to apologize to anyone, but he would go out of his way to say something appreciative and his whole manner made you feel he was ashamed of his bad behaviour." He expressed his shame by failing to turn on her wrathfully after he had hung up. Instead he asked her if she was enjoying the countryside.

It hardly seems adequate. The blunt truth is that Winston has never considered himself a toad beneath the harrow, and for the best of reasons; he isn't one. No humble man would outflank a traffic jam by driving on the pavement. He believes he is a superior being, entitled to exceptional forbearance as well as special privilege and not subject to judgment by the rules of polite society. That is, of course, arguable. What is striking is that those who work for him, toiling long hours, underpaid and subject to savage, undeserved reprimands, agree with him. They feel the sting of his whip. Yet he continues to command their respect, even their love. Those who are shocked by Churchill's treatment of his employees all have this in common: they never worked for him.

Some time between 2am and 4am he finishes, leaving the others to sort out ribbon copies and carbons, clean up the study and, if the night's dictation has included manuscript, prepare a packet for the London courier. In his bedroom he divests himself of his trousers and velvet slippers; then, in one great overhead swoop, yanks the rest of his clothing up, away, and across the chamber. In a gesture that is more narcissistic than remedial, he faces the mirror in his bedroom and brushes his strands of hair straight down over his ears, saying to his valet, with dubious authority, "That's the way to keep your hair." He asks him for "my eye blinkers", slips the sleeping mask in place, and is presently breathing the deep, slow breaths of the slumberer. His dreams, he tells his family, are often of his father, who died prophesying Winston would be a failure. In 1932 it would be hard to find more than a dozen men of Parliament or Fleet Street who would find that prediction laughable.

## THE GRAND STYLE



appearing together, the first two volumes of Churchill's *Marlborough: His Life and Times* reached an appreciative audience in Britain that did not, however, include members of intellectual and literary communities. Evelyn

Waugh wrote pitilessly: "As history it is beneath contempt, the special pleading of a defence lawyer. As literature it is worthless." *Time*, describing the author as "the perennial bad boy of English politics", told its readers: "Historians may be amused by biographer Winston's irrepressible stout language (he is a past master in the violent use of rubber-stamp phrases) and defiant bias." To Herbert Read, the eminent Oxford critic, Churchill's prose revealed "aggrandizement of self", eloquence which is "false because it is artificial", and "a false dramatic atmosphere". A contributor to





Churchill at work in his study at Chartwell at the high desk he designed himself.

the *Yale Review* wrote that Churchill "exhibits all the rhetorical symptoms of an instructor of Freshman English". Among the literary élite any prophecy that Churchill would one day be awarded the Nobel Prize for literature would have provoked laughter.

Here, as elsewhere, in the bleak inter-war years, the explanation lies in the cultural aftershock of the First World War. The four-year holocaust had left behind it, as Sir Isaiah Berlin points out, "hatred for the grand style as such. The victims and casualties of disaster thought they had earned the right to be rid of the trappings of an age which had heartlessly betrayed them." Churchill's vision of history was scorned as an ugly pastiche of ponderous Edwardiana. Standards in the world of letters, like social values, had been drastically revised once the British population grasped the full horror of trench warfare in France and Flanders. Literate men identified it with the ornate, elaborate, rococo prose popular in pre-war England, and they recoiled from both.

To London's intelligentsia, even patriotism was obscene. This was particularly true on the left, where intellectuals tend to congregate; at their urging a Labour conference declared that party members no longer regarded themselves as "subjects of the Crown or citizens of Britain". This shocked the middle and even the working classes; their loyalty to the Union Jack was blind loyalty; they would fight for their country, right or wrong. Learned men cannot do that. They were convinced that war was a criminal

act; indeed, they felt that anyone who had anything good to say about the nation was an accomplice after the fact.

Churchill—whose views on everything had been fixed in his youth and who still believed in heroes, friends, individual responsibility, courage in battle and the manly virtues—represented everything the humane intellectuals loathed. To them his flamboyance and heroic postures were an affront to the memories of the inglorious dead, his re-creation of formal English rhetoric "too bright", as Berlin puts it, "too big, too vivid, too unstable for the epigone of the age of imperialism". Leo Amery said: "He can think only in phrases, and close argument is really lost on him." C. F. G. Masterman declared that "he can convince himself of almost any truth if it is once allowed. . . to start its wild career through his rhetorical machine." Later the Australian critic J. H. Grainger commented, "Much of Churchill's rhetoric is tiresomely windy."

But rhetoric, however anachronistic it may appear, is entitled to a pragmatic judgment. The ancients wrote: "When Pericles speaks, people say, 'How well he speaks,' but when Demosthenes speaks, they say, 'Let us march.'" John Kennedy said, "Churchill formed the English language into battalions and sent it into battle." A rhetorical style that can transform an entire nation by its power, passages of which are quoted more frequently than those of any other English writer except Shakespeare, which lives after the very names of its critics have been forgotten, cannot be dismissed or laughed out of our

literary heritage. At the very least one should try to understand how it was formed and why it did what it did.

Its origins lie in the 21 months of autodidactic study Churchill spent as a cavalry officer in the Indian raj, selecting those writers whom he admired either for the originality of their minds or for their mastery of the language, studying their styles, and eventually creating his own; one that arose naturally from his powerful historical imagination, his concept of life as a great, multi-coloured pageant, and his evocation of striking images that lay somewhere between Benozzo Gozzoli's painting of the Riccardi palace's procession and the illustrations in *Chatterbox*, the children's annual Winston had read as a boy.

In Bangalore he devoured Carlyle, Schopenhauer, Darwin, Aristotle, Malthus, Plato, Adam Smith, Pascal, Gibbon, Macaulay and Samuel Johnson (his "Finest Hour" speech of 1940 is splendidly Johnsonian). In letters to his mother he begged her to send him books by the crate. "Macaulay," he wrote to her on January 21, 1897, "is easier reading than Gibbon and in quite a different style. Macaulay crisp and forcible, Gibbon stately and impressive. Both are fascinating and show what a fine language English is since it can be pleasing in styles so different." Still in his early 20s, sweating through the heat of the late Indian afternoon, he "began," in his words, "to see that writing, especially narrative, was not only an affair of sentences, but of paragraphs. Indeed I thought the paragraph no less im-



portant than the sentence. Macaulay is a master of paragraphing. Just as the sentence contains one idea in all its fullness"—here we see his awareness of single-mindedness, which Bodkin admires in his painting—"so the paragraphs must fit on to one another like the automatic couplings of railway carriages."

In his introduction to *Savrola*, his only novel, he wrote: "I have always thought that if an author cannot make friends with the reader, and explain his objects, in 200 or 300 pages, he is not likely to do so in 50 lines. And yet the temptation of speaking a few words behind the scenes, as it were, is so strong that few writers are able to resist it. I shall not try."

This bears the unmistakable Churchill stamp: two long sentences, disingenuously simple, followed by a wry twist of self-mockery. Great English prose, like traditional verse, is rhythmic and can be scanned. Moreover, the rhythm is determined by the theme. In his subsequent volumes on Kitchener's Sudan campaign, and the Boer War, he taught himself this very difficult technique. Here is one sentence on Lord Curzon: "The morning had been golden, the noontide was bronze and the evening lead; but all were solid and each was polished till it shone after its fashion." This encapsulates a man's character and career, and its tempo, pirouetting on the semicolon, matches Churchill's judgment of Curzon—vice-regal, fastidious, thwarted, flawed.

On the steel nib of a gifted writer, or the tongue of a great speaker, English offers a broad range of eloquence: short and intricate sentences, monosyllabic and polysyllabic words, and stunning combinations balanced by counterpoint. At its best the language blends brief, simple declarative passages with rich Gladstonian exuberance. Gray's *Elegy* is memorable for both his simple "The paths of glory lead but to the grave" and the braided "Full many a gem of purest ray serene/The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."

Churchill's mastery of brevity is rare among public speakers, and—despite his immortal offer of nothing but "blood, toil, tears and sweat"—largely overlooked. His prose is celebrated for the majestic manner in which it rolls and peals, mounting and swelling to successive climaxes. In his second work, *The River War*, he described the aftermath of Kitchener's great victory at Omdurman and, sitting on the darkened battlefield, surrounded by Arab corpses, he scribbled on his pad: "Three days before I had seen them rise eager, confident, resolved. The roar of their shouting had swelled like the surf on a rocky shore. The flashing of their blades and points had displayed their numbers, their vitality, their ferocity. They were confident in their strength, in the justice of their cause, in the support of their religion. Now only the heaps of corruption in the plain and fugitives dispersed and scattered in the wilderness remained. The terrible machinery of scientific war had done its work. The Dervish host was scattered and destroyed." A year later on another field in South Africa, he displayed his grasp of concision: "The night was chilly. Colonel Byng and I shared a blanket. When he turned over I was in the cold. When I turned over I pulled the blanket off him and he objected. He was the Colonel. It was not a

good arrangement. I was glad when morning came."

In his account of the First World War he showed that concise prose can be as lethal as a stiletto. After a meticulous account of the Battle of Jutland, he pointed out that Britain's timid Admiral Jellicoe had thrice missed opportunities to annihilate the German fleet. Another historian might have written: "To let three priceless chances slip by is inexcusable." Churchill used five words: "Three times is a lot." They pursued Jellicoe to his grave.

Churchillian rhetoric, even at its most purplulent, is also free of padding. Adjectives are used, as Lord Simon notes, only when they serve "as a sort of supercharger to add to the explosive force they qualify". Like all writers,

THERE WAS NOTHING  
FALSE, INFLATED,  
ARTIFICIAL IN  
HIS ELOQUENCE:  
IT WAS HIS  
NATURAL IDIOM

Churchill has his favourites, and in great moments they appear, like veterans summoned to the colours: tireless, panoplied, squalid, embattled, accomplished, unflagging, sparkling, insurgent, compulsive, furious, acquisitive, inexorable, intricate, irresistible, benignant. Epithets are never used casually; each is vital to a point. Nor is humour protracted; quips are sudden and short: "I told him to improvise and dare, and he improvise and dore": "I venture to predict that the Right Honourable Gentlemen will vanish unwept, unhonoured, unsung and unhung." In the linguistic fabric he weaves, one thread is alliteration. A lesser speaker would say that forces of evil would be foiled by Britain's "fullness of power", but emerging from the Churchillian euphonium it is the "plenitude of power". One of his most brilliant techniques—so subtle that only the most perceptive appreciate it—is the casual introduction of self-parody. He speaks of his adversaries' "celestial grins", of viewing an issue "with stern and tranquil gaze", and warns that should he be proved wrong, any "chortling" in Parliament "will be viewed with great disfavour by me".

Another Churchillian strand derives from the majestic, measured diction of the King James Bible. At a time when other men in Parliament were attempting psychological analyses of Hitler, Churchill sharply defined him as "this wicked man". Every Anglican heart vibrated to that iron string. Elsewhere, after a passage of dazzling syntax, he tied it together with six scriptural words: "Justice is cast from her seat."

He was a born demagogue—and knew it—and figures of speech came as naturally

from him as corn from the stalk. Because he saw society ailing, many of his most memorable similes drew parallels between physical diseases and what, to him, were afflictions crippling society. Describing a futile raj attempt to meet native force with reason, not counterforce, he told Parliament: "The inflammation which could have been brought to a head and then operated on was now dispersed through the whole system." Of oriental sects preaching violence he wrote: "Christianity must always exert a modifying influence on men's passions, and protect them from the more violent forms of fanatical fever, as we are protected from smallpox by vaccination." His most striking medical image appears in *The Aftermath*, where describing the consequences of the First World War, he indicts the Germans for having "transported Lenin in a sealed truck like a plague bacillus from Switzerland into Russia".

As the new Germany began to darken learned Englishmen's reflections on the future, they turned instinctively to the seers of their classical boyhood curricula, and especially to Tacitus's *Germania*, inspired by the Roman legions' fascination with the fierce Teutonic tribes confronting them on the east bank of the Rhine. Tacitus is cold, incisive, analytical, rich with insights but anaemic and entirely cogitative. He tells the Franks: "The Germans are ever determined to cross into Gaul, goaded by lust, avarice, and the longing for a new home, prompting them to leave their marshes and deserts, and to possess themselves of this most fertile soil and of you, its inhabitants."

But this antiseptic reasoning cannot compete with the vitality of Churchill's "The Hun is always at your feet or at your throat," or "I see advancing... the dull, drilled, docile, brutish masses of the Hun soldiery plodding on like a swarm of crawling locusts." The fact was that Churchill's critics were addressing one another, not their constituents, who knew nothing of cases, declensions and conjugations. His adversaries in the Commons knew that beyond the halls of Parliament he was building a following that could threaten their own. He reached hearts with the lightest of touches and seldom failed to break them. Hear him on the burial of Elisabeth Everest, his childhood nanny. When "Woom" visited him at Harrow, he had openly kissed her in front of his schoolmates, "one of the bravest acts," one of them later recalled, "I have ever seen." He erected a headstone over her grave and wrote: "Death came very easily to her. She had lived such an innocent and loving life of service to others and held such a simple faith, that she had no fears at all, and did not seem to mind very much."

It seemed artless, but anyone who had spent his most impressionable years translating Euripides or Horace every evening—blind to his own magnificent, living language—was unlikely to bring it off. The public schoolboy, bred in the tradition of "muscular Christianity", was not only incapable of bringing tears into the eyes of others; he could not cry himself and squirmed with embarrassment when Churchill faced a cheering crowd with glistening cheeks, weeping without shame. The crowd, far from mortified, would rise in a standing ovation. Winston, who had so very little in common with the average Briton, was nevertheless bound to him. A. P. Herbert▶▶



»→ an admirer of Neville Chamberlain, observed that Chamberlain "was tough enough. . . But when he said the fine true thing it was like a faint air played on a pipe and lost on the wind at once. When Mr Churchill said it, it was like an organ filling the church, and we all went out refreshed and resolute to do or die." Lady Violet Bonham Carter wrote more penetratingly that the "intellectual granaries" of her father and his friends "held the harvests of the past", while "to Winston everything under the sun was new—seen and appraised as on the first day of creation. His approach to life was full of ardour and surprise. Even the eternal verities appeared to him to be an exciting personal discovery. . . He did not seem to be the least ashamed of uttering truths so simple and eternal that on another's lips they would be truisms. This was a precious gift he never lost. Nor was he afraid of using splendid language. . . There was nothing false, inflated, artificial in his eloquence: it was his natural idiom."

Actually he spoke other languages, though few knew it. To have acknowledged fluency would have been a squandering of political capital. Instead he deliberately mispronounced foreign names and phrases. Everyone with an ear for the Gallic tongue shuddered when he addressed his allies: "*Français! Ici moi, Churchill, qui vous parle!*" But they were flinching at his accent; his grammar and choice of idiom were flawless. And every time he called Marseilles "Mas-sales", British voters in the lower classes, resentful of upper-class linguistic snobbery, were delighted.

Eventually the issue became political. MPs from the lower classes felt insulted by Greek and Latin epigrams. Churchill knew how to resolve the tension. At mid-point in a speech, he said: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. I shall venture to translate for the benefit of—" He broke off. Every Labour MP was perched on the edge of his bench, prepared to leap up in protest, when Churchill broke up the House by finishing, "those old Etonians who are present. . ."

Those old Etonians who were present chuckled politely. So did the old Harrovians, and those wearing the ties of Shrewsbury, Rugby and the rest. The other side of the old chamber rollicked with laughter. Now—as later, in England's hour of maximum danger—it was Labour that rallied to him, while Conservatives remained aloof. He was accustomed to that. In the 40 years since he had slipped away from Harrow alone, like a fugitive, he had revisited his old school but once, on a whim. The consequence had been calamitous. The struggle to strip the House of Lords of its political power had reached its peak; he and Lloyd George were leading it, and public school boys, the sons of privilege, regarded him as a traitor to his, and their, class. He had not thought of that. It just happened that he and F. E. Smith—Lord Birkenhead—were motoring near by, and, on the spur of the moment, Churchill decided to show Smith his old school grounds. The boys, recognizing Winston from newspaper pictures, booed and jeered until, humiliated in the eyes of his best friend, he raced away.

The incident was symbolic. It was the supreme irony of Winston's parliamentary career that he never won the trust of his own party and social class. Twice he had turned his

political coat—from Conservative to Liberal and then ("re-ratting," as he called it) back to the Tories. But his greater stigma was peculiar to his country, the times and the structure of the English patriciate.

In the century before the Second World War, Great Britain's political stability derived from a paradox. England was a democracy in which the yeomanry tacitly agreed to be ruled by an oligarchy. Theoretically, aristocrats in Parliament sat only in the House of Lords, but until Labour's great surge the House of Commons was dominated by the sons of England's greatest families. In breeding, in education, in manners, mores, dress, and even in the pursuit of leisure, they lived in a different world from their constituents.

Steeped in understatement and erudition, the old boys of the upper class who managed Britain's worldwide empire in the 1930s viewed Churchill with hooded, sardonic eyes. He was a Harrovian, they had to give him that, but he had been so wretched a scholar that he had never mastered Latin or Greek. His

## HE SAW LIFE AND HISTORY IN TERMS OF THE FORCES OF GOOD AGAINST THE POWER OF EVIL

knowledge of Demosthenes and Cicero had been acquired through translation. He spoke only English, the language of the common people. In his youth England's great universities were closed to applicants, like Churchill, who lacked a classical education. So he was an alien among elegant Tory MPs who, by the time they had left the sixth form in their late teens, had refought the Punic Wars, and completed what their headmasters called the "grand old fortifying curriculum"—a phrase within which lies the mystique of imperial Britannia.

They had been fortified with the conviction that they were the beneficiaries of a legacy reaching back 2,400 years, when learned men had begun constructing an exquisite structure in which the élite of future generations would dwell and rule. It was an article of faith for them that gentlemen who, after passing through the privileged classes' private educational system, and then being subjected to polishing by polite society, knew every cranny of that edifice—knew, in fact, everything worth knowing.

Doubtless the motives of those who disapproved of Churchillian rhetoric were plural—there were so many reasons to find Winston objectionable in the 1930s—but his Victorian style was certainly one. And here, precisely here, lies the irony. Why had their

ancestors become obsessed with the ancient world? It was because the Empire had been approaching its high-water mark then, and seers like Benjamin Jowett of Balliol were comparing it to the glories of its predecessors, particularly imperial Rome. Englishmen saw their role as a continuum of the majestic past.

Churchill, in the 1930s, was still a child of the Victorians. Though indifferent to dead languages and fallen empires, he once more plighted his troth to the salvation of his sovereign's global realm. Queen Victoria, in whose name he had been commissioned in 1895, would have understood. The old queen would instantly have known which Englishmen were betraying her heritage and who, alone in one of those last stands so dear to Victorian hearts, remained her champion.

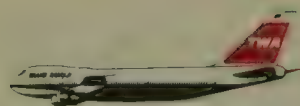
He championed not only her realm; he saw himself as the defender and protector of the values Englishmen of her reign had cherished, the principles they had held inviolate, the vision that had illumined their world, that had steadied them in times of travail. He saw life and history in terms of the forces of good against the power of evil, for the two would always be in conflict and be therefore forever embattled. He was accused of inconsistency and of capricious judgment. Actually, as Isaiah Berlin found, "far from changing his opinions too often, Churchill has scarcely, during a long and stormy career, altered them at all." It was MacDonald and Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain who were driven by the prevailing winds of fickle, uninformed public opinion—uninformed because they chose to keep it so. Churchill's binnacle remained true. "Death and sorrow will be the companions of our journey," he told the House, "hardship our garment; constancy and valour our only shield."

And, he might have added, grief as their reward. He was sure they could take it. Despite his high birth he had an almost mystical faith in the capacity of ordinary Englishmen to endure and reach greatness at the 11th hour. "Tell the truth to the British people," he begged the devious Prime Ministers of the 1930s. "They are a tough people, a robust people. . . if you have told them exactly what is going on, you have insured yourself against complaints and reproaches which are not very pleasant when they come home on the morrow of some disillusion."

But His Majesty's governments in those shabby years believed that there were some things the country ought not to know, and that in the end their policy of duplicity—which at times amounted to a conspiracy—would bring them muddling through. So Churchill, faithful to his star, resolved that he must somehow find a way to persuade Britain and her Empire that they must prepare for one last great struggle; to arm the nation, not only with weapons but also with the strength to suffer and still prevail; to arouse and incite them to jettison the policy of drift and then, with the reins of power firm in his own grasp, to inspire them and create in every English breast a soul beneath the ribs of death.

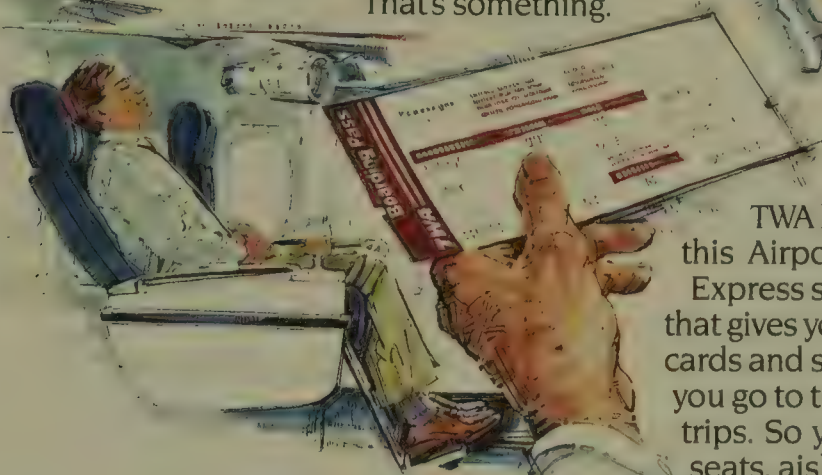
© 1987 by William Manchester. First printed in American Heritage. William Manchester is the distinguished American historian whose works have ranged from studies of John F. Kennedy and Douglas MacArthur to a history of the United States from the Great Depression to Watergate. The first volume of his Churchill life, *The Last Lion: Visions of Glory: 1874-1932*, was published by Michael Joseph Ltd in 1984. He is currently completing the second volume of his three-volume life of Churchill.



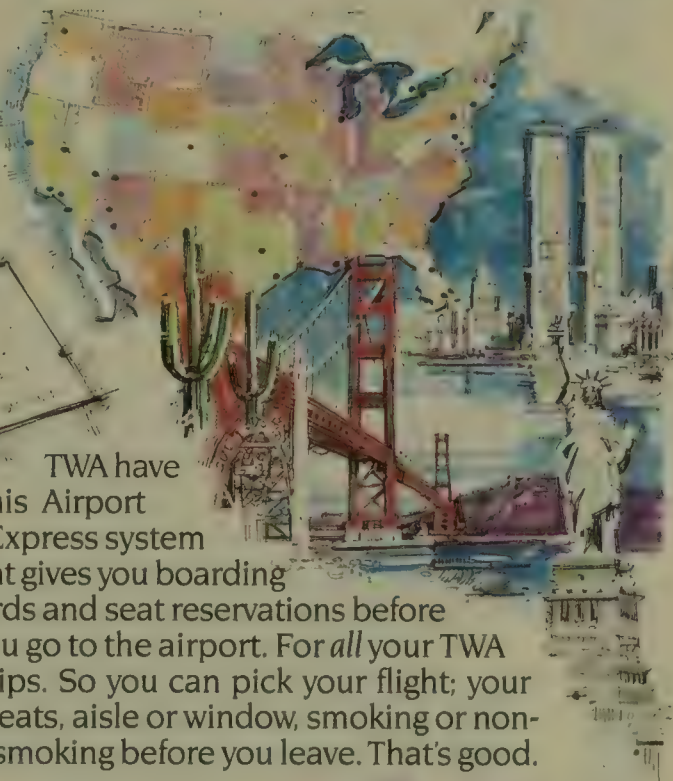


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# A USER'S GUIDE TO LONDON PUBS

BY ALISDAIR AIRD

London is practically bursting at the seams with pubs: nobody knows exactly how many there are. A friend of mine has been to more than 4,000 and is still counting—though most people I know tend to lose count after just three or four. Best estimates put the total at around 6,000; yet, even with so many to choose from, finding really good ones in London can be difficult.

If you know where to look, there are some real gems. Of course you will meet people who grump and grouch about standards falling, and hark back to some non-existent golden era when pubs were better. But

people have always done that.

Fifteen years ago Christopher Hutt was so pessimistic he wrote a book (filled reassuringly with photographs) called *The Death of the English Pub*. Back in the 1930s Maurice Gorham was describing in detail the menace of modernization, and complained that the 1920s darts craze had already spoilt London pubs by filling them with 'bright young people with penetrating voices and scarlet fingernails'. At the turn of the century Charles Harper, a fanatical chronicler of pubs, reckoned that even then they had been going downhill.

Before he died in 1859, Thomas de Quincey used to buttonhole people to tell them how much better pubs had been in the 1820s with sincere and attentive waiters "so different from the eternal 'Coming, sir, coming' of our improved generation".

But do things ever change? That barman's battle-cry of "Coming, sir, coming" must have been invented with the pub itself. Those bright young people with penetrating voices were after all the grandparents of today's yuppies. And they must have had their counterparts in the 17th century, when Thomas Decker called Southwark "a continuous

alehouse, no workers but all drinkers" and when the Hand & Shears in Smithfield (still there, at 1 Middle Street) was a notoriously noisy rag-trade local.

It is still the local which dominates the tidal flow of London's drinking patterns. On weekdays a massive swell of lunchtime and early evening customers floods into town-centre pubs, leaving them almost empty later in the evening and at weekends—when that swell of drinkers ebbs out to the more suburban pubs. These locals are fine for their regular customers, but less fun for the rest of us. That very same club-

business and mutual familiarity

which is the core of the pub's character and appeal for its habitués is not much of an attraction for strangers. At best you feel a bit of an outsider and may have trouble catching the barman's eye, and at worst (in the more clannish parts of east London, for example) the stares you get are chilly enough to freeze the froth off your Guinness.

There is another sort of local, too, fortunately much rarer and virtually unique to London. It caters almost exclusively for visitors who are likely to go just the once, and never again. These pubs, in the obvious tourist and shopping places, are snares for

people from out of town. Because they have a ready-made supply of once-only visitors, they do not need to do much to attract them, nor to appeal in ways that might encourage return visits. It is in such places that you find that diabolical London combination of astronomical prices with virtually complete lack of concern for the customer.

Perhaps one in 100 London pubs rises clear above this general swirl, with some memorable claim to attention. These are the places which have a natural warmth about them that welcomes strangers as readily as the

regulars, and on top of that have some special virtue that makes you glad to find them—and maybe surprised they even exist in London. Often, they have been giving pleasure to people for generations, like the George in Southwark, or the Spaniards' Inn in Hampstead (where the land-ford deluded a mob of Gordon Rioters on their way to burn Kenwood by standing them so many drinks on the house that their revolutionary ardour slipped into insensibility). Sometimes, they are much newer, like David Bruce's entertaining chain of Firkin pubs which brew their own beer, or up-market diva-

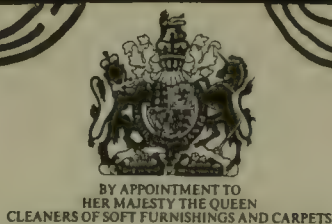
tives such as the Front Page in Chelsea (Old Church Street) which has *nouvelle cuisine*.

London is very strong in music pubs—two of the best for jazz are the riverside Bull's Head in Barnes (373 Lonsdale Road) and Prince of Orange in Rotherhithe (118 Lower Road). Any shortlist of its remarkable Victorian survivors would include the little Dog & Duck in Soho (18 Bateman Street) for its thematic tiles, the Red Lion (2 Duke of York Street, SW1) for its glasswork and mahogany; two elaborate gin-palaces, Crockers (24 Aberdeen Place, NW8) and the Princess Louise (208 High Holborn, ➔)



The George in Great Portland Street, noted for the fine condition of its real ales.





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»→ WC1); and unassuming Hollands in Stepney (9 Exmouth Street), hardly changed since the great-grandfather of the present landlord opened it in the middle of the last century. Its prices are unusually attractive, too.

On the whole, London pubs' prices are pretty diabolical, around 25 per cent more than in many country areas. In central London, beer generally costs £1 a pint (and can sometimes go up to £1.20), with a single spirits measure approaching that, and fruit juices and mixers around 50p. Sandwiches tend to be priced from around 75p upwards, ploughman's lunches from around £1.50, basic hot dishes or salads from around £2.50. Prices tend to be lower the farther out you go, and are generally relatively attractive in Young's pubs—a bonus at these is that you may find the beer being delivered from the Wandsworth brewery by two-horse drays.

#### ■ Black Friar

174 Queen Victoria St, EC4. 11.30am-3pm, 5.30-9.30pm; closed Sat evening, Sun. Lunchtime meals (not Sat) and snacks.

Just opposite the north end of Blackfriars Bridge, this wedge-shaped pub is packed with uncommonly elaborate decoration by Henry Poole, who after its 1903 rebuilding covered its walls and ceilings with witty bronzes and mosaics of merry monks. For richness of detail and of materials the workmanship beats anything else you will find in a London pub: the glittering barrel-vaulted inner recess, full of gold mosaics and Florentine marble, would not seem out of place in a church of the more ornate sort. Go outside the main lunch period to take in the entertaining detail—even the hints of opium-taking in the fireplace decorations, adding barbs to one of Poole's florid slogans "Contentment Surpasses Riches". A good choice of traditional ales, well kept, though not cheap, may include rare London visitors like Adnams or Boddingtons ("Boddies" to the breezy City workers who now stalk these boards where *Times* leader-writers used to oil their prose before the move from nearby Printing House Square).

#### ■ Cittle of York

22 High Holborn, WC1. 11am-3.30pm, 5.30-11pm; closed Sun. Meals and snacks (not Sat evening).

This remarkable institution has been carefully restored by Yorkshire brewer Samuel Smith. The lofty, rafted hall has the longest bar counter in Britain, and until the Second World War (when

they were drained for fear of air-raids) the 1,000 gallon vats above it actually held liquor. The three-cornered stove with its figure of Peace among bay laurels came from Gray's Inn, with a whole flock of new customers, when barristers stopped dining in the common room there. The pub has been massively popular with lawyers and judges ever since, with a sprinkling of senior Defence staff from nearby block-houses. Though it attracts a good number of yuppies, too, you can escape their voices and elbows in the row of intimate panelled cubicles which seem 100 years away from today's High Holborn.

#### ■ Clifton

96 Clifton Hill, NW8. Open 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Meals and snacks.

More like a country pub than one has any right to expect in London, this was successfully remodelled three years ago to conjure up an idea of the sort of place where Edward VII and Lily Langtry might have come to let their hair down (as indeed they did). It has high ceilings, elegant wallpaper, stripped pine, bare boards, antique engravings and Art Nouveau metalwork. The relaxed atmosphere, spontaneously helpful staff, new back conservatory extension and considerably better-than-average food attract a wide spectrum of customers. They include strays from the nearby Abbey Road recording studios and, of course, the estate agents who up here in St John's Wood and Hampstead so mysteriously seem to be greater in number than the actual houses.

#### ■ Dove

19 Upper Mall, W6. Open 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Meals (lunchtime) and snacks.

There is something ineffably refreshing and relaxing about sitting on the flagstoned terrace of this 17th-century pub, with a cool Pimms gathering drops of sparkling dew, watching the sweating oarsmen inching their agonizing way against the tide. It is the most countrified of London's riverside pubs, and the snug little panelled rooms inside have not changed much since Turner painted sunsets from the back—there is a school of thought that claims his extravagant colours and whirling composition owe less to artistic inspiration than to good stiff doses of the amber nectar (here, the stylish Fuller's beers, brewed just upstream).

#### ■ George

55 Great Portland St, W1. 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Meals (lunchtime) and snacks.

Tom Thomas, the guv'nor here, is



noted for keeping his six or seven enterprisingly chosen real ales in fine condition, and is one of the rare London publicans to take trouble over genuine cider too. Food is real, as well, and they even do omelettes. The pub, a monument in richly sedate mahogany and deep-cut glass, attracts the solid sort of BBC folk; years ago the poet Louis MacNeice told me in here that he and Dylan Thomas had been largely responsible for blocking a proposal to turn the pub into something much more modern. Long may it survive as it is.

#### ■ George

Off 77 Borough High St, SE1. Open 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Bar meals and snacks, also restaurant.

Though rebuilt after the great Southwark fire of 1676, this retained its previous layout, and survives as the closest thing to an Elizabethan coaching inn in London. Two wings were demolished for LNER railway operations; the one that remains is remarkably evocative, with its open upper galleries, latticed windows looking out on the cobbled courtyard, old-fashioned settles, black beams and paneling, bare floorboards, Act-of-Parliament clock, and even antique beer-serving apparatus. The bar next to the road affords the best chance of avoiding the occasional incursions of tourist groups; nothing else disturbs the calm which has let generations of Guy's Hospital medical students

acquire their thorough knowledge of the physiological effects of alcohol.

#### ■ Henry J. Bean's

195-197 King's Rd, SW3. 11.30am-3pm, 5.30-11pm (and all day for non-alcohol service). Meals and snacks.

This used to be the Six Bells, and what was once its sheltered bowling green (where A. P. Herbert's team from the Black Lion in Chiswick sometimes came to do battle) is now probably central London's best and most spacious terrace pub garden. American fast-food entrepreneur Bob Payton has turned the pub itself into an engagingly English pastiche of a Texas tavern—like *Guys & Dolls* staged in Cheltenham Spa. Besides a better range of whiskies than genuine London pubs manage, slick-haired barmen serve some interesting beers including several American ones, and have good Californian as well as French house wines. At lunchtime young trendily dressed customers predominate and music is 1970s American.

#### ■ Old Thameside

St Mary Overy Wharf, off Clink St, SE1. Open 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Bar meals and snacks, also restaurant.

Though new last year, the interior of this riverside pub typifies the nostalgically antiqued décor and atmosphere that has been the most successful of the current crop of pub fashions.

**The Olde Cheshire Cheese, famous Fleet Street haunt.**

(Pubs, in their restless search for new identities, seem to please customers most by turning the calendar back several decades, to recover a character that they have mostly lost.) There is a cellar bar, all candlelight, flagstones and heavy beams; the main bar has a splendid view over the river to the Monument and at lunchtime it quickly fills with bankers from the nearby stylish new ANZ building—those with a *coup* to celebrate or a Brazilian *débâcle* to drown head for the plusher champagne bar. Good-value bar food includes huge hot-beef baps. The neighbourhood, unknown to most Londoners, is fascinating.

#### ■ Olde Cheshire Cheese

Wine Office Court; off 145 Fleet St, EC4. 11.30am-3pm, 5-9pm; closed weekends. Bar snacks and restaurant.

High beams, creaky stairs, sawdust on bare floor-boards, smoky paintings on dark brown walls, crackly black woodwork and a good winter fire give these small crowded rooms a lively whiff of the past. It has always been a writers' pub, though there has been a gradual evolution from the likes of Congreve, Pope and Voltaire, through Thackeray and Conan Doyle, to its present pillars of the sensational Press (who hire bug-free, private, top-floor dining-rooms to negotiate secret scoops). Pie and intrigue are the staples of its decidedly snug restaurant, though they no longer bake the giant October steak and

kidney pudding which used to be ceremonially cut by all sorts of people, from Stanley Baldwin to Jack Dempsey.

#### ■ Olde White Bear

Well Rd, NW3. Open 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Meals and snacks.

Armchairs, sofas, a plethora of Victorian engravings and cartoons, soft lighting and a chatty and relaxed atmosphere are proving a strong lure for Hampstead's actors and artists (who for 300 years have been loyal to the snug Flask, up the road in Flask Walk). The strongest draw, though, is the quality of the good range of interesting wines kept here—as different from typical pub wines as pure spring water is from a drop of the blushful Thames.

#### ■ Phoenix & Firkin

5 Windsor Walk, SE5. 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Meals and snacks.

The flagship of David Bruce's chain of back-to-basics pubs that brew their own beer, this is a stylish conversion of a palatial Victorian station building. The lofty hall, with a gallery at one end, is filled with railway mementoes (and there is the throb of the trains passing below as a more tangible reminder). It is a trendy meeting-place for real-ale enthusiasts, though few seem able to down the stuff as quickly as the swarms of young medical students from the hospitals clustered around here. Be warned that the brew called Dogbolter will quickly put you under the table unless your head is as robust as a steam-engine's boiler.

#### ■ Windsor Castle

114 Camden Hill Rd, W8. 11am-3pm, 5.30-11pm. Meals and snacks (not Sun evening).

While other pubs, painfully surfacing from the open-plan era, now struggle to give the illusion of snugger times past, this has proudly survived unaltered. Its series of wood-partitioned small rooms, radiating from the central servery, with darkened ceilings and sturdy traditional furnishings, have not perceptibly changed since I first visited it nearly 30 years ago. Both food (robust good value) and drinks are relatively cheap for the area. The big tree-shaded back paved garden, idyllic in summer, is one of very few that keeps children out—another mark of the pub's determined traditionalism. Particularly in the evening it attracts people from all over the West End, who prefer its unchanging support for pre-war values to the gimmicky hunt for new tricks that blights so many other pubs.

Alisdair Aird is editor of *The Good Pub Guide*.



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June Field takes a look at the growth of property development in London's Docklands, where dockers once paid a weekly rent of 7s 6d for unassuming terraced houses which now fetch £200,000, and where land prices have escalated to £3 million an acre. Eager buyers are queueing up for a profitable slice of the market.

**Flats at Towerside, Wapping High Street, top, have been selling fast to City-based workers at prices from £126,000.**



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY KENTON

# THE RISE OF DOCKLANDS

It is not easy to decide when you are actually in London's Docklands. There is no sign to say that it starts in Tooley Street by London Bridge, and ends at Gallions Reach, where a new bridge is planned. But the regeneration of its 8 derelict square miles is very visible, and its property development is surging ahead. Not that it is all yet a desirable place to live and work. Decaying, boarded-up buildings with bulging brickwork, sagging roofs and rusting, twisted ironwork are still a common sight, and much of the rest is a giant construction site as communities of converted warehouses, new homes and commercial units begin to take shape. A recent report by Knight Frank & Rutley suggests that "a pioneering spirit" is desirable among present occupiers "as the disruption of prolonged construction work will initially dilute the enjoyment of the environment".

The hostility of community action-groups over the "gentrification" of Docklands continues, although the London Docklands Development Corporation emphasizes that of the 80,000 or

so homes built on corporation land more than half have been sold at controlled, affordable prices of £40,000 or less. And about 40 per cent have gone to local residents.

In the private sector there has been massive investment in residential property, and recently the price rises have been equally massive. Annual completion levels over the five main areas—Wapping and Limehouse, Isle of Dogs, Royal Docks, South Bank and Surrey Docks—have been estimated as 3,560 units this year and 16,680 in 1989, which includes 7,000 units projected for the Royal Docks. Such a volume could depress prices, though there is no sign of it yet.

Land prices continue to escalate. Recent record figures have ranged up to £3 million an acre for sites in the Isle of Dogs and Surrey Docks. Development and demand seem to be moving downstream, but not downstream, and judging from the length of the queues of eager buyers that form each time there is any release of property by developers, whether by show-

units or merely off-plan, saturation point has not yet been reached. There is considerable dealer-activity, with both amateur and professional looking to make a quick "turn" after putting down a small reservation fee, and before exchange of contract with its commitment of a full-scale deposit.

Wapping and Limehouse, with its long evocative riverfront and spectacular warehouse conversions, was the first docklands area to be recognized as a trendy place to live, and its rise received an additional boost with last year's deregulation on the Stock Exchange. With the working day starting much earlier, affluent young business people found they needed, and could afford, a little pad near the office.

The pioneer Docklands agent, Martin Carleton-Smith, of Carleton Smith & Co, now at 39 Smithfield, E1, who first showed me round the area more than 10 years ago, says: "A tranquil home overlooking the water is what busy City people are coming to us for. It is a survival kit against the stresses of today's living." ➤



»→ Carleton-Smith's devotion to Docklands has been very much an act of faith. He was part of the Mayfair property scene with John German when he first ventured into the rubble-filled wastelands of the East End. Four years ago he was joined by Sarah Shelley to start up their own agency in Docklands. He believes that the catalyst was the conversion, in the early 1970s, of the Victorian Oliver's Wharf, Wapping, into highly individual flats by the architect, Anthony Goddard, who took up occupation there himself. People bought vast



**Top, a waterside show apartment by Designers' Guild at Keepier Wharf in Narrow Street, Limehouse; above, the games room of developer Andrew Wadsworth's water-tower apartment in New Concordia Wharf. He converted the wharf into flats and sold this one recently for £600,000.**

spaces and fitted them out against a background of massive beams and cast-iron supports.

"By the mid-1970s those £14,000 flats were selling for nearly £100,000, so it became obvious that things were on the move," Carleton-Smith says. "They are in the £300,000 bracket now."

Other leading West End residential agents who have moved into Docklands include Chestertons Prudential, Knight Frank & Rutley, and Savills.

Egerton Docklands, which opened at 102 Narrow Street, E14 last month, is headed by one of the new breed of young agents, William Johnston. He says he is finding that the dealer-market is at last thinning out, and he is receiving genuine inquiries from would-be owner occupiers. "They are British professional people, with large houses to sell in other parts of London, who are looking for a *pied-à-terre* with character, river views and capital-gain potential."

Wates' Built Homes apartments in Towerside, Wapping High Street, are also appealing to the City-based worker who wants a home near the office as well as a country retreat. Wates have found that the biggest change over the last three years has come in the attitude of those who live in the west of London or

in the suburbs. "They now consider Docklands an exciting and respectable alternative, particularly if the area is convenient for their job," says Carolyn McQuitty, sales and marketing manager of Wates. "Much the same applies to the overseas buyer who wants to invest for the potential of capital appreciation, and perhaps a letting return."

The Wates' flats have sold fast from £126,000. Under way are town houses, plus conversion into apartments of Prusom's Island, the warehouse which provided the sugar to sweeten the tea from Gun Wharf, now successfully converted into flats by Barratt East London.

Also in Wapping High Street, opposite the Underground station, is The Carronade, a new warehouse-style building by Stride Developments of 21 apartments due for completion in the summer. Studios from £80,000, and two-bedroom apartments with double-ceiling heights and galleried areas from £125,000, are selling through Chestertons Prudential, and Savills.

Gun Place, former tea and spice warehouse at 86 Wapping Lane, is where Barratt's have practically sold out flats from £95,000 up to £465,000 for the penthouses. Next door they are working on Bridewell Place, an old soap works where some tired old wooden sheds have been pulled down, and the best bits re-used in conjunction with new materials. Flats here from £53,500 to £160,000 are already going like hot cakes, says Barratt's Richard Reynolds.

Free Trade Wharf, 6 acre site in The Highway, Wapping, a development by Regalian, attracted some 500 telephone calls on a pre-release promotion inviting people to register for priority viewing of the £120,000 to £275,000 apartments. "They rang in from all over Britain, Switzerland, Spain and Belgium," reported directors David and Lee Goldstone.

Pioneer developer Rae Hoffenberg's stylish waterside warehouse conversions brought Narrow Street to life in the early 1970s. Already in residence was David Owen, SDP leader, who bought his first house at the end of the road next door to The Grapes. He paid around £3,000, later acquiring the one next door, resulting in a home now estimated at around £750,000.

Film director Sir David Lean bought a shell of a warehouse, Sun Wharf, in Narrow Street a few years ago, reputed to be worth well over £2 million after reconstruction. For friends and

staff he has just bought a £145,000 house in Bennett Homes' courtyard development, St George's Square, situated on the other side of the road.

Directly opposite Sir David's home is Eagle Wharf, which has just been demolished by Honeyglen. They will be reconstructing the building to provide 17 flats, with two penthouses, a corner shop and office. Egerton are pre-selling at prices ranging from £90,000.

Egerton are also on the final phase of marketing Duke Shore Wharf, Narrow Street, selling from £165,000. £300,000 and more will buy one of the unusual "turret" flats with large circular living rooms, whose two balconies have unobstructed views of both reaches of the Thames: "perfect for the early bird catching the rising sun in the east, and in the evening he can enjoy the evening sunset over the City to the west," enthuses the agent.

Other Narrow Street attractions include Keepier Wharf, where vast apartments are selling through Carleton Smith & Co, and Blyth Wharf, where 16 new riverside houses are being built by the dock. It was here that schooners from the north of England once unloaded their cargo of coal. Chesterfield & Co are marketing the houses, which are designed to match in with the adjacent 18th-century ship's captains' dwellings, from £370,000.

Workers in high technology on the nearby Isle of Dogs may well develop a taste for living in the quaint historic environment of Wapping and Limehouse, say Knight Frank & Rutley. They warn, though, of the increasing disparity between high-quality new developments and local-authority housing estates in need of refurbishment.

The retired docker in The Gun public house on Coldharbour on the Isle of Dogs confided that the little terrace houses alongside the entrance to the West India Dock used to cost 7s 6d a week in rent when he lived in one. Today the unassuming turn-of-the-century houses that were sold in the rough for £10,000 or so in 1978 fetch in the region of £200,000-plus, rehabilitated and dressed up with Regency-style doors. Clapshaws had 7 Coldharbour—a four-bedroom house—on offer recently at £225,000.

The Isle of Dogs, a peninsula surrounded by the river on three sides rather than an island, is said to have earned its name because Charles II's hunting dogs made so much noise at Greenwich's royal palace that they were

»→



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»→ banished to the opposite bank. The area is currently the centre of attention because of the proposed £3 billion Canary Wharf financial centre to be built around an old banana dock now inhabited only by a few museum boats.

The developing consortium, headed by American G. Ware Travelstead, regard the 71 acre site as an alternative to the City. Claimed as the largest property development planned anywhere in the world, with 12 million gross square feet, its three 850 foot towers will be Europe's biggest office block, a potential generator of 57,000 jobs.

Although the Isle of Dogs is not so fashionable as Wapping—there is no warehouse-living to attract the *avant-garde*—the new waterside accommodation is drawing in the punters. Roger Malcolm's Clippers Quay and Wates' Jamestown Harbour, both dockside, Costain's Compass Point and Keith Preston's Kentish Homes Cascades arising on the river, are all top-sellers.

Cascades is a 20 storey tower block of 164 units designed by architects Campbell Zogolovitch Wilkinson & Gough, its dramatic stepped lines providing the cascading effect, with circular balconies reminiscent of lighthouses, and porthole windows in a nautical style.

Through show-units built in a shed on site, plus special inducements, such as discounts of up to £15,000, to sign up swiftly, all the 86 apartments in the first release were bought off-plan from around £100,000 on the first day through Alan Selby & Partners. It soon became obvious that many buyers were those expecting a quick profit. Within a few days of the initial marketing, flats were being re-offered at inflated prices.

The slumbering Royal Docks—Victoria and Albert and King George V—in some 500 acres of dockland and 240 acres of water, are about to awake. Three consortia put in for approval for major developments—Laing/Fox/VOM for exhibition hall, hotel and offices, Heron/Mowlem/Conran Roche for homes, hotel and offices, and Rosehaugh Stanhope for a business park and marine centre, already trailed as a possible home for the Boat Show, and possibly the provision of low-cost and rented housing on land owned by the Gas Board.

The LDDC is making a major effort to ensure that the regeneration of the Royal Docks will result in houses affordable to everyone, insists the corpor-

ation's deputy chairman, John Mills. The first residential development of 38 waterside apartments in the Royal Docks—Waldair Wharf, by Hastings Wood Homes, Harlow, Essex—has already been announced by Knight Frank & Rutley, and Douglas Allen Spiro. Now being built, they should be marketable at the end of the year, says Stephan Miles-Brown of Knight Frank & Rutley who, while not quoting firm prices, considers the appropriate range could be £70,000 to £140,000.

Developments on the south side of the river stretch east from London Bridge to the entrance to the Rotherhithe Tunnel, taking in Southwark and Bermondsey. They owe much of their popularity to their nearness to the City, and there are plenty of warehouses for conversion.

Much of the revitalization of the historic area around Jacob's Island, immortalized by Dickens in *Oliver Twist*, really got under way with the dramatic conversion into apartments of Andrew Wadsworth's New Concordia Wharf. Next door, at Spiller's Wharf, his Jacobs Island Company is now planning a £120 million scheme of offices and living quarters.

Along the way is Sir Terence Conran's Butler's Wharf, an ambitious village community where a somewhat undistinguished 1950s building, Warehouse 16, has been transformed into the more evocatively named Cinnamon Wharf. The tantalizing smell of spices from one of the nearby warehouses still lingers. Here smart show flats, decorated by Habitat and the Conran Shop, promote sales of two- and three-bedroom units from £165,000 to £325,000. The studios at £57,500 sold instantly, and are already changing hands at £90,000. The price depends on whether the position is waterside, St Saviour's Dock, or Shad Thames, overlooking some down-at-heel buildings awaiting treatment. The agents are W. A. Ellis, and Keith Cardale Groves.

In St Saviour's Dock itself, the Victorian Christians Warehouses have been converted by Bovis Homes, member of the P & O Group, into apartments selling from £80,000 to £239,000.

The agent for Phase 2 of The Anchor Brewhouse, Shad Thames, SE1, is Stephen Morgan. This striking redevelopment of the original John Courage brewery takes in the restoration of The Malt Mill and Brewhouse, which is now jointly financed by N. M. Rothschild & Sons, and a private consortium. Accommodation is

being offered off-plan from a staggering £300,000 for one-bedroom apartments, to around £800,000 for four-bedroom units, with £2.5 million expected for the spectacular four-floor Malt Mill penthouse in the original cupola and belvedere gallery.

Today's residents will have what the developers call a glass and steel "lookum", a wall of glass spanning five floors, to view a panoramic sweep of London's most famous landmarks. Garage spaces are from £7,500 to £12,500, and subject to planning permission there will be a leisure



**Felstead Wharf on the Isle of Dogs, an area of extensive house conversions and luxury development, but where the disparity between these and the needs of local council estates is particularly evident.**

complex with a 40 foot swimming pool with jet-stream, gymnasium, sauna and solarium plus a party and relaxation area with bar and catering facilities. A share will cost £5,000.

Farther down the river near the new London City Airport are the Surrey Docks which were closed in 1970, many of them filled in, and warehouses demolished. Varied residential developments range from the existing run-down Downtown Estates to newly built private houses at Greenland Dock and Surrey Quay. The latest project planned is the mammoth 200 berth St George's Marina, with a yacht club on top of a 20 storey tower, 121,000 square foot office and retail space, plus 600 residential units.

Ian Rowberry, managing director of Rosehaugh Copartnership, and Paul de Savary of Selladale are the names behind it. They say it is intended to appeal to sophisticated business people who want to live, work and entertain against a spectacular waterside backdrop. Associates and friends can glide in by water-taxi.

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**T**imothy Dalton, the new James Bond in *The Living Daylights*, may look the part in statutory tuxedo, but his 80s designer suit, below—seemingly shaken and stirred—is not up to 007's high sartorial standards. Geoffrey Aquilina Ross shows how clothes have shaped the classic Bond image.



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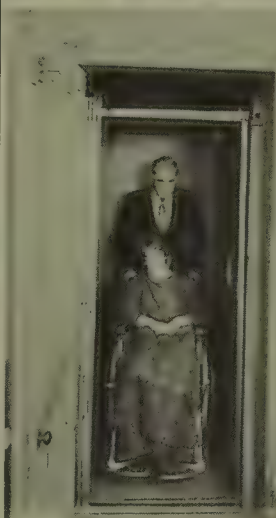
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This year, a quarter of a century after *Dr No*, in which Sean Connery first spoke the immortal words, "My name is Bond... James Bond" and Ursula Andress, the perfect vision in white bikini, rose inimitably from the sea, here comes Bond again, having become meanwhile very much part of our lives.

Of course Bond films deal in stereotypes. The baddies are very bad and the good either win or ascend into heaven; but Bond himself as a fashion plate manages to reflect his times. In *From Russia with Love*, for example, which, swiftly followed *Dr No*, in 1963, his shiny mohair suits now look as dated as the girls he encounters.

It was in 1962 that Connery created this early macho Englishman on screen. He was leisurely, impassive and sexy, and his tailor was obviously a man who mattered. Even for fisticuffs he wore dinner jacket, evening shirt and cufflinks. While others were busy creating the new permissive society, growing hair and sideburns, Bond remained conservative and clean. Swinging London passed him by: he remained the heroic Savile Row ideal, dressing like a successful entrepreneur, about 40, his tailor's bill double the national average salary.

In 1969, Connery having become bored, a new Bond arrived in the person of George Lazenby; but while the girls showed their knees and wore mink eyelashes in the spirit of the times, this Bond in *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* cut no dash except in full Scottish regalia swinging his kilt. Elegant though he was, his performance did not fit. So, in 1973, Roger Moore slipped into Bond's polished shoes.

Connery's Bond was masculinely elegant, Lazenby's unmemorable and Moore's it appeared, was middle-aged with a healthy portfolio and South of France suntan. Two years older than Connery, Moore showed that although Bond had reached



FRANK SPOONER

middle age he was still a man for the clothes.

In the new film, *The Living Daylights*, which opens in London on June 30, Bond is Timothy Dalton, an actor with a Royal Shakespeare Company background, steaming good looks and, since like this Bond he is a man of the 1980s, a more casual wardrobe. This Bond may wear a black dinner jacket but he prefers off-the-peg clothes from Bond Street or King's Road.

The expert responsible for dressing Bond in the last three films is Emma Porteous. What Connery wore, she thinks, did not matter much because apart from his white tuxedo we saw him and not his clothes, but Moore, she suggests, epitomized the Englishness of our times.

"It is a bit old-fashioned by today's standards, I suppose," she says, "but during Roger Moore's time Bond was a man who had the proper clothes for each occasion. Who does now? Tweed suits or sports jackets and cavalry twills for the country, for example, and details like cufflinks with a DJ but buttons with a blazer." Moore, it seems, is easy to dress. He likes his suits from Douglas Hayward (currently





REX FEATURES



JOHN HILLELSON

starting at around £700 for something basic), shirts from Frank Foster and shoes from Ferragamo.

Dalton, unlike his three predecessors, was not a male model before turning to acting, and sees clothes as of secondary importance. He refuses to change outfits for every scene as if in a fashion parade, as Moore did. The rules are that Bond must be discreetly fashionable by the standards of the day and that each actor has a say how he will dress.

"Dalton has chosen dark colours and wears only white

shirts. If he puts on a tie there is no noticeable pattern. He wants all his clothes cut fashionably big and loose," says Emma Porteous. And when this Bond's clothes have a recognizable off-the-peg designer name, it is Ralph Lauren or Paul Smith; for the action in Vienna his leather jacket comes from Kenzo. Only the best designer labels will do.

Because of the demands of filming, however, Bond's clothing budget is even larger than you might expect. For example, since many scenes have to be reshot a number of times until all the ingredients are right, Bond must have duplicate outfits both for accurate continuity and for detail.

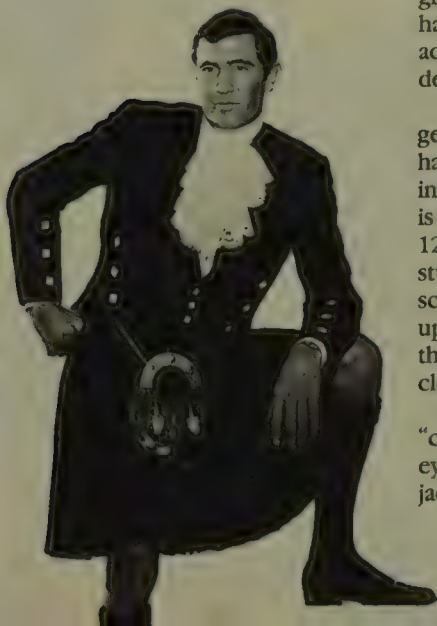
If, in the course of action, a suit gets wet, a dry one has to be on hand for the reshoot. If the action involves a big fight, no expense is spared. It is not unusual for 12 copies to be made for the stuntmen to wear. Apart from scenes that are filmed in close-up, it is the stuntmen who get the bruising and who ruin the clothes.

Some of these clothes are "cod", that is designed to fool the eye. Watch Dalton turning his jacket inside out and it converts



JOHN HILLELSON

**Bond on parade: Sean Connery in white dinner jacket personifies the glamour and sexiness of the screen hero he created in the 60s. With Roger Moore, above left, who took over in the 70s, the impeccable tailoring of the archetypal Englishman shines through. Outlandish dressing has included Moore in poncho, in *Moonraker*, opposite, and George Lazenby in kilt, left. Connery, in his 80s comeback *Never Say Never Again*, is fashionably casual.** ○

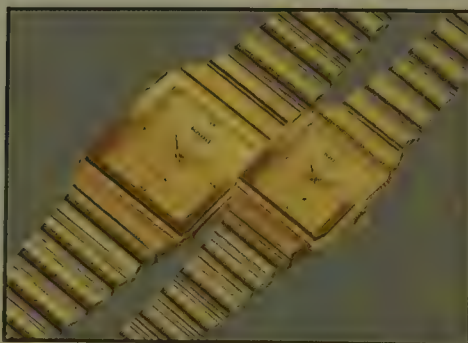




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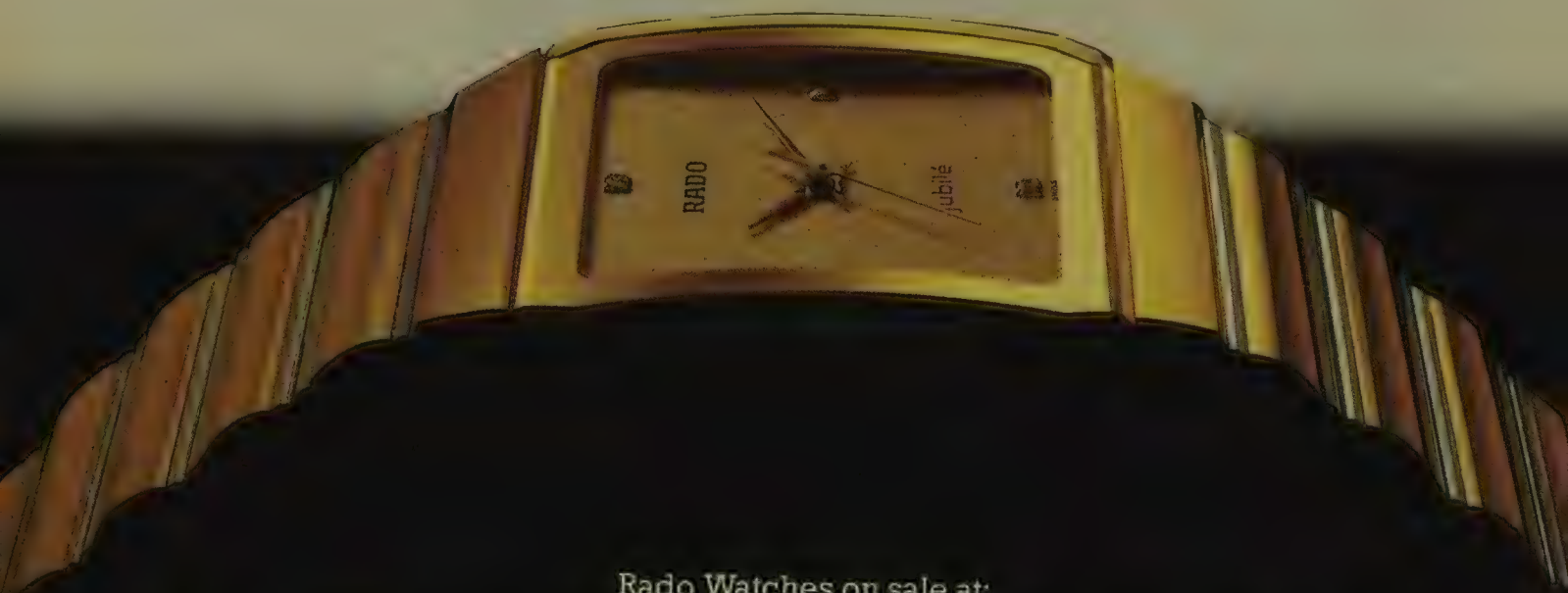


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# Land of rugged grandeur

Rachel Billington experiences the stunning scenery and architecture of North Yemen. Photographs by Christina Burton.

North Yemen or, more officially, the Yemen Arab Republic, used to be part of the British consciousness as the mountainous and closed country north of Aden. Now a modern tourist can enjoy a sense of discovery seldom felt in this small-world age. It is a country where the men carry rifles everywhere except inside the cities and the women wear tablecloths over their heads.

There are eight million inhabitants, although the number is hardly exact as so many of the men work in Saudi Arabia or other Arab countries. Until the 1960s it was ruled by an imam who had the same attitude to other peoples' heads as the Queen in *Alice in Wonderland*. In the circumstances it made perfect sense to avoid foreign influences. Unfortunately for the last imam, a few Yemenis leaked out to Egypt's Nasser with obvious revolutionary results.

Now North Yemen has an imam's son living in England and a youngish president who lives in a gigantic modern palace behind a gigantic well-guarded wall. After all, his two predecessors were killed within a year of each other and he does have the responsibility and present success of ruling over a newly peaceful, newly outward-turning Republic of North Yemen.

From the air Yemen looks like a vast reddish-gold mountain range. Only as the plane descends do the huge fertile *wadis* and the central flat plateau on which the capital Sana'a' sits, more than 7,000 feet up, become visible. After the spring rains, extensive areas of cultivation will suddenly turn the country green, such unlikely fertility causing the Romans to christen the country Arabia Felix.

Yemen is essentially a visual experience. It was an exhibition of paintings of Sana'a' and other cities by the artist James Reeve which first persuaded me to visit the country. Imagine a vast sand-pit in which a child genius with the eye of Dali, the aspirations of Rockefeller and the theatrical sense of Sarah Bernhardt takes stones for a base, mud-bricks for topping, whitewash for decorative features and then heads for the sky. Each house is unique, many six or more floors tall, some

set in rows, some zigzags, some bowing to each other, some set more conventionally around mosque gardens planted like an English allotment. Some are razor thin, some splendidly broad, some curve around the domes and minarets of white-painted mosques. One evening I sat on a flat rooftop watching the evening sun turning the town into a gingerbread fantasy. A moment later the sun slid behind the mountains and the darkness

rakish angles. Sana'a' has recently been declared a Unesco city—the kiss of life or death. Life, I hope, for somewhere that has the same kind of impact, if on a smaller scale, as Petra, Venice or New York.

Not that Yemen is a one-town country. In the south, Tai'zz, which straddles a mountain valley and has at times been capital, has a more relaxed and almost Mediterranean atmosphere. More women are unveiled, and

are hair-rollers, English biscuit boxes, sumptuous clothes, filthy turbans, old crutches, a monstrous swinging bed—for, towards the end, Ahmed's obesity made him more or less immobile. A room of eau de cologne bottles was apparently his equivalent of the wine cellar while his personal pets, ragged vultures and smelly lions, still roam his gardens. I was shown around this house of sinister kitsch by an excited and incomprehensibly loquacious keeper. He turned out to be a surviving servant of the imam who had had his tongue cut out to ensure he told no secrets.

Jibla, a stunningly situated mountain-top town north of Tai'zz, was, surprisingly in this male-dominated country, the centre of a great queen's rule. Queen Arwa took over in 1067 from her husband, reputedly so that he could live a life of pleasure but also on condition that she was exonerated from wifely duties. Instead she fell in love with a squint-eyed slave whom she installed in a building opposite her own. Sadly both her sons died, but when she followed them at the age of 92, she left a legacy of beautifully-ordered terraces cut into unbelievably steep mountain faces. The mosque at Jibla which houses Arwa's tomb is painted an appropriate shocking pink. I will remember it as the place where I was given a one riyal note by a ragged little Yemeni girl who in any other country would be begging rather than giving.

The Yemeni people are noticeably unthreatening, even friendly, to a party of foreigners, although a woman on her own had her bottom pinched and a man, photographing unwisely, made a short visit to the police station. At Al Mukhā I braved a crowd of interested observers and a sandstorm to bathe in the billowy green waves of the Red Sea. However it was a relief, if not a miracle, when a German water prospector opened a tin shed on an otherwise deserted beach to reveal a modern bathroom. Facilities in Yemen are generally confined to the major cities and absolutely absent from a forgotten coffee port like Al Mukhā whose crumbly-cheese ➤➤➤



Dramatic rock palace of a former imam at Wadi Dhahr.

became patterned by brilliant lozenges of colour pouring through the stained glass of arched upper windows.

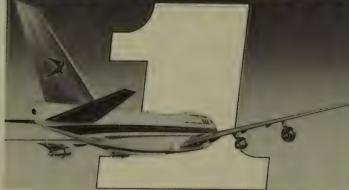
There is the other side, of course: the sandy rubbish-filled streets, the daytime crush and noise of scooters, Toyotas, donkeys and the ubiquitous laying of modern conveniences. After the rains wellington boots are the most sensible footwear and even in winter you need a stout pair of shoes and a not too developed sense of hygiene. Sadly, progress and plumbing have caused a drop in the water-table and an increase in superficial water which combines to threaten the stability of the houses that already stand at

their brand of Islam takes a lenient view of infidels entering their mosques. The Al Janid Mosque at Tai'zz is the most highly decorated in a country where plain whitewash and a forest of pillars is the general rule. Al Janid has a double minaret and a glorious view from among the mammary exuberance of its domes.

Tai'zz also houses one of the most original indictments of an outgoing despot. Imam Ahmed's palace has been filled with all his own, his wives' and his children's possessions and turned into a museum. There are rooms crammed with watches, some painted with Ahmed's face; there



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→ grandeur will never see better days. Twice we made "comfort stops" at foreign-run hospitals, once being graciously provided with a lunch of chicken and chips.

Mosque fanciers, which we all became to some degree, found Yufirus, on a remote mountain-side near Jibla, one of the most beautiful; although romantic feelings were somewhat curtailed by the sight of an inmate wearing heavy leg irons. The mosque doubled as a prison and an asylum. Zabid was an early centre of Islam and has a grand old mosque, although the town is most remarkable for the ornate white plasterwork of its domestic architecture. Ibb is one of the few towns entirely built and even paved with stone. With its tall cluster of buildings it might be described as the Arabian San Gimignano.

A San Gimignano without wine, however, since Yemen is, at least in theory, a dry country. In practice we were served (very expensive) wine at Al Hudaydah on the Red Sea and in Ta'izz there was some beer. Black-market whisky is available to the Yemeni rich, but the prevalent local addiction is to qat. Qat is a mild narcotic, the leaf of a smallish ugly tree looking like a privet hedge and now growing on many of Queen Arwa's terraces and anywhere else owned by a farmer with a head for business. Qat is expensive and chewed by most of the population most afternoons. According to its detractors, it keeps North Yemen stuck at the bottom end of the poverty league of nations. It is not exported, supplants healthier agricultural purposes despite government grants and saps the energy of the workers. According to its defenders, which include both a highly-placed member of the Foreign Office in London and my British qat-chewing host in old Sana'a, it keeps the people happy, peaceful and, most important of all, on the land and out of the cities. Personally I found two hours' hard chewing culminating in a sour ball of mush in the side of my mouth a disgusting experience, although it did make me pleasantly merry during a five-hour bus journey back from the north.

One of the drawbacks of touring Yemen is the large distances separating major places of interest and the need for police permissions to move into any new area or town. Sa'dah is the town farthest north and very rarely visited by foreigners. It is approached across black volcanic mountains and then over a



A row of pillars is the only visible feature of the sand-covered Awam Temple, dedicated to the god of the moon, in the desert near Ma'rib. Right, a doorway discussion in Ibb.

region of sandy desert settled with walled farm-holdings often enclosing small vineyards and protected by tall watch-towers reminiscent of Norman keeps. Sa'dah is built entirely of mud mixed with straw and patted, like sandcastles, into shape. The walls which encircle the town are wide enough to make a comfortable walkway, although at times they degenerate into unofficial urinals and at others they crumble downwards entailing an undignified scramble. The mosque is particularly dazzling with a variety of domes, some shaped like lemon squeezers, and all, like the elegant minaret, have been painted a brilliant



shamrock green at the tip.

The city also has a sinister old citadel built on top of a web of prisons which catered to the imam's unfriendly practice of imprisoning hostages from the families of enemies and then ignoring their existence. I ventured inside its walls, now a military area, but was not sorry to be ordered out before seeing more than a few string beds and a flock of goats.

Ancient North Yemen—and by ancient I mean anything from the eighth to the fifth century BC, according to which expert you ask—is represented by a string of Sabean towns built along the camel caravan route which passed through the desert at the edge of the mountains. Myrrh and frankincense and other goods too precious to entrust to the Red Sea were carried from the south and east to the northern towns of Palestine →



»→ and the Mediterranean.

Ma'rib is the most accessible site and fast becoming more so as recent oil finds bring new roads and towns. Two thousand years ago Ma'rib was a thriving city, the desert irrigated by a vast dam across the wadi. The impressive sluice-gates, partly cut out of the living rock and the ruins of the wall itself, remain. Farther into the desert there are two separate Temples of the Moon, marked by crumbling boundaries and tall pillars poking up out of the sand. There was an excavation mounted by American archaeologists in the 1950s but they fled overnight after a warning of hostile tribesmen advancing. Since then little has been uncovered. The old town of Ma'rib, now spookily deserted, actually sits upon a mound created by the ancient city of Ma'rib, and blocks of stone carved with Sabeen writing or occasionally a beautiful frieze of ibex are built into its decaying walls.

Modern Yemen is most obvious in a magnificent new dam, built by Sheikh Zaid of the United Arab Emirates who proudly traces his ancestry back to Yemen. The dammed green waters stretch like a vast inland sea and there is a modern hotel projected for one end. The only problem is that as yet there are no modern sluice-gates to channel the water into the desert and the very hot sun has the unfortunate effect of evaporating and turning saline waters that sit in one place for too long. I was introduced to a modern city-dweller's Yemen by a charming Cardiff-educated engineer. His family have recently opened the "Harrods of North Yemen", filled with French scent, English sweaters, Italian shoes and, in short, the best of the best. Two qat-chewing guards were aroused from their afternoon stupor to open the marble-lined store for me. After Harrods it was odd to be driven up once more into the mountains, this time to Hadda, a sheltered village above Sana'a' where an early spring covered the trees in blossom so that the houses seemed to arise out of pink tulle skirts. However, I was no longer surprised to find the exquisite central square as thick with rubbish as any council tip. The advent of plastic plus a medieval approach of throw-it-all-in-the-street is doubtless the reason. It is, perhaps, an acceptable price to pay for the lack of Coca-Cola signs, tourists or other modern paraphernalia.

The traveller to Yemen (who may be lucky enough to be staying in one of the two luxury

hotels in Sana'a') almost invariably talks about stepping back into a medieval way of life. But finally it is the sheer physical beauty of the country that is most impressive. A morning trip from Sana'a' can take you to Wadi Dhahr which is on Grand Canyon scale but decorated with elegant mud skyscrapers. The most dramatic is a former imam's palace built on top of a sheer rock. Also near by are the towns of Shibām and Kawkabān, the first a market town lying at the bottom of a sheer cliff and the second a walled town sitting at the top. They are, however, connected by an elegant paved path constructed 300 or 400 years ago and which gave me the awe-inspiring sensation of walking heavenwards—in a set for the final act of *Das Rheingold*.

Ten days among the mountains of North Yemen inclined me to grandiose ideas and, even more exciting, gave me an unusual sense of discovering a whole new vocabulary of visual imagery ○

#### Our Travel Editor writes:

The writer visited North Yemen with Serenissima Travel, the long-established, leading specialists in top-quality tours for discriminating travellers. She speaks highly of their attention to detail and consideration shown to each participant—"very caring without being at all officious". She pointed out that their tour "really is the only practical way for all but the most adventurous to see North Yemen within a limited period".

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The cost, which includes economy-class return flights by Yemen Airways from London (Gatwick) to Sana'a', all transport within the country, full board and accommodation, excursions and local taxes, is £1,565 per person if sharing twin-bedded rooms. There is a single-room supplement of £185. All costs are subject to surcharge.

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## Roman revelations in Bulgaria

A British team is currently excavating the Late Roman city of Nicopolis ad Istrum in northern Bulgaria. Andrew Poulter examines their discoveries of 1,600 years ago.

Very little is known about the character of Late Roman cities of the fourth to sixth centuries AD. Their surviving monuments are not the grandiose public buildings so common in the cities of the Early Roman Empire but massive fortifications which were often re-used in the medieval period and are still to be seen today in many of the older towns of Europe. However, continued occupation on the sites of Late Roman cities limits the opportunities for excavation. One site that is accessible, and well preserved, is the remarkable Late Roman city of Nicopolis ad Istrum in northern Bulgaria.

The Roman town was founded by the Emperor Trajan to commemorate the conquest of Dacia in AD 106 and much of the ancient city still exists; despite extensive stone-robbing over the last two centuries. During the peaceful years of the second century the prosperous towns of Thrace erected public buildings, many of which still stand as majestic ruins, testifying to an age of supreme confidence in the endurance of empire.

Nicopolis acquired a marketplace, a council chamber for the magistrates, temples, basilica, a theatre, baths and a heated recreation hall, all built within a regular chequerboard of streets, paved with massive limestone slabs. Statues of bronze were erected by vote of the city council, and gladiatorial games were provided as entertainment, paid for by wealthy landowners. One inscription records the text of a letter written by the Emperor Septimius Severus in AD 198, thanking the citizens for their gift of no less than 700,000 sesterces to the imperial exchequer.

Wealth and a comfortable lifestyle would seem to have been assured, at least for the leading citizens of the town. Although Nicopolis was sacked in c AD 251, the city survived into the Late Roman period: Visigoths from beyond the Danubian frontier were settled in the city's territory

in AD 347-48. Although Nicopolis was again besieged by barbarians towards the end of the fourth century, it was a bishopric in the fifth and sixth centuries and still a city of importance until it fell to the invading Slavs and Avars and was abandoned in the early seventh century AD.

During the third century AD the site of the Roman city was abandoned and another fortification constructed immediately to the south, occupying a strongly defensive position. This change of location and the fact that the Late Roman city has not been occupied since antiquity, offered ideal conditions for a research excavation. While Bulgarian colleagues continued excavation within the Roman town to the north, in 1985 the British Archaeological Expedition to Bulgaria commenced a five-year programme of survey and excavation on the site of the Late Roman city. Although the interior of the Late Roman city is well-preserved, the fortifications were extensively robbed during the 18th and 19th centuries, providing a quarry for local building stone. A survey of the robbed trenches carried out in 1985 and 1986 demonstrated that the enclosure of 5.7 hectares had been protected by no fewer than 20 towers, each projecting about 15 metres from the curtain wall. The height of the wall, to the crenellations, must have been about 10 metres, and the towers were among the largest in the Roman Empire, projecting as much as 15 metres: the fortifications would have been even more impressive than the Late Roman road-fort at Koula in northern Bulgaria, where one of the towers still stands 16 metres high.

The principal entrance lay on the west side, flanked by two large towers. Another gate, at least 2.20 metres wide, has been partially uncovered during excavations on the south-eastern side of the site, where it must have afforded access to the river and probably to harbour installations.



Excavation of a section of the curtain wall, still preserved 2.63 metres high, adjacent to this second entrance, provided important evidence about these fortifications. The inner and outer sides of the wall, 2.60 metres wide, were faced with small limestone blocks. The rubble and mortar core was further strengthened by tile bonding-courses.

A surprising discovery was the presence of plaster, adhering to the wall's outer face, which had been rendered in imitation of ashlar masonry. The plaster still bore traces of red paint which has never been found before on Roman fortifications and which must mean not only that the walls of Nicopolis would have impressed potential enemies by their strength, but that the appearance of well-built ashlar construction, painted bright red, was certainly also used to deter potential enemies from attempting to capture the city.

Along the northern side of the Late Roman city, where the old wall of the Early Roman city was re-used, the remains of a gate of very different construction were uncovered. Built from monolithic limestone blocks, joined by iron clamps, the entrance was 3.26 metres wide and still stands, two courses high, to 1.25 metres. The floor of the gate was paved with limestone slabs, cut by wheel-ruts and two gate-post sockets which once retained massive, wooden doors. This gate was originally the southern entrance to the Early Roman town which was abandoned in the Late Roman period when a building was erected against the blocked entrance-way.

Fully excavating the interior of the city would be an impossible task, but the choice of sites within the Late Roman city was assisted by a geophysical survey, carried out by Dr Strange of the Department of Electrical and Electronic Engineering, University of Nottingham. Work commenced during the first season in 1985 and was completed during the second in 1986. The variable conductivity of the soil was measured using a Geoscan Research RM4 Resistance Meter. The technique employed involved the plotting of local changes in the electrical resistance of the ground over the site. In the vicinity of buried stone features the apparent resistance increased, while wetter features produced a reduction in apparent resistance. (Stone features included roads and buildings, "wet features" were ditches or pits.) Readings were recorded in the field by hand and each day's



**Massive fortifications characterized Late Roman cities in Bulgaria: at Koula in the north, the surviving corner tower of the road-fort, above, stands 16 metres high; but excavations at Nicopolis ad Istrum suggest that the city had been protected by 20 even larger towers, projecting about 15 metres from walls 10 metres high, as the artist's impression, top, of the main entrance at the West Gate shows.**

results were entered into a computerized archive for low-level appraisal on site and for more sophisticated analysis in England on the Nottingham University mainframe computer.

The survey identified a series of buildings across the centre of the site and, on the south side, near the southern defences. Of particular interest is the apparent absence of buildings along the northern quarter of the city, suggesting, contrary to earlier belief, that it was not densely occupied during the Late Roman period, as comparison with the much larger Early Roman city might suggest. Excavation revealed that at least part of this area was covered with a cobble spread which re-used the old Roman road as part of the surface.

Analysis of the prolific bone remains from this area identified not only cattle but also beaver, the latter presumably hunted for its fur.

One large anomaly, showing in the geophysical survey as a high resistance feature, was excavated in 1986. It proved to be a rectangular building, at least 8.20 metres long, comprising two rooms, open-ended to the south, probably serving as workshops. From the earthen floors of this building came evidence of glass-working as well as Late Roman lamps and items of jewelry, notably part of a gold ear-ring, decorated with a pearl. The walls were constructed from roughly-hewn limestone blocks, bonded with soil and with a mud-brick superstructure. Such building techniques are common on Late Roman sites in Bulgaria, in marked contrast to the Early Roman period when tile, stone and mortar were the usual building materials. However, these apparently primitive buildings were certainly warm in winter and cool during the hot summers: the building tradition can still be seen in the comfortable houses of the nearby village of Nikiup which, in its name, also preserves the memory of the ancient city of Nicopolis.

On the eastern side of the site a large building, about 26 metres long, was identified in the geophysical survey in 1985 and excavated last year. It proved to be a Christian basilica, with a central nave 8 metres wide and column bases separating it from the side aisles to north and south. At the eastern end a raised platform constituted the chancel, itself inscribed within the arc of an apse. The main body of the building was paved with a decorative pattern of floor-tiles, covered by the remains of burnt timbers and tiles from the roof which collapsed when the building was destroyed by fire. An analysis of

the glass recovered from the nave and the distinctive shape of the apse provisionally dated the basilica to the fifth or sixth centuries AD.

During excavations 145 coins have so far been found, the majority dating to the fourth and early fifth centuries AD. However, the fate of Nicopolis during the fifth century remains uncertain. In AD 448 Attila the Hun occupied the fortress of Novae (modern Svishtov) only 50 kilometres to the north and it seems probable that Nicopolis was either destroyed or abandoned at this time.

Nevertheless, finds, including one Byzantine coin of AD 568-69, suggest that the city was still inhabited during the latter years of Byzantine rule on the Danube. The occupants of the Late Roman city are likely to have been descendants of those who had lived in the Early Roman town to the north. Two inscriptions, found during excavations, await decipherment: they may provide useful information about the occupants of Late Roman Nicopolis. One short inscription, a comment scratched on a potsherd, proves that at least one inhabitant spoke Greek although the words he inscribed for posterity were terms of abuse. The Early Roman city provided a convenient quarry for the Late Roman occupants: architectural fragments, including columns, architraves and a fine bas-relief of a gladiator were re-used in the Late Roman city and were discovered during excavations.

Much awaits to be done during the next three years, but the British excavations will certainly produce new evidence for the life of the community which lived in this ancient city 1,600 years ago. It is already certain that Late Roman Nicopolis was very different from the Roman towns of the second century AD. It boasted no paved streets, nor large public buildings for spectacles and games: rather, the citizens of Nicopolis put their confidence in the strength of their fortifications and in the Church, an attitude which has much in common with the world of the Early Middle Ages but one which would not have been understood by the inhabitants of Nicopolis during the peaceful years of the Early Roman Empire. ○

The British excavations at Nicopolis are made possible by the generous help and support of the members of the Bulgarian Institute of Archaeology, Sofia, the Archaeological Museum of Veliko Turnovo and the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences. In Britain the project is sponsored by the British Academy and also supported by grants from the Society of Antiquaries, the British Museum, the University of Nottingham and the University of Oxford, the British Council, Rank Xerox, ICI, Wimpy, Cadbury Schweppes, the Foreign and Commonwealth Office, Thom EMI, Keith Johnson Photographic and J.E. Wright & Co of Nottingham



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# REVIEWS

## OPERA

### The role of the producer

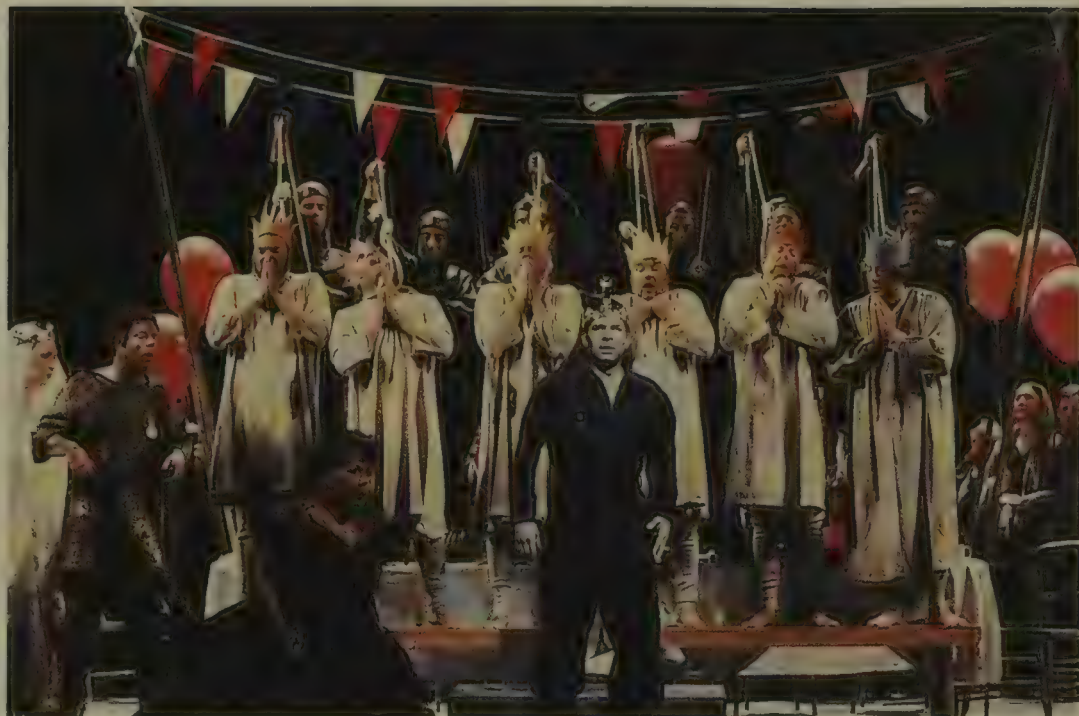
BY MARGARET DAVIES

Demonstrations of producer's opera in its most positive and negative forms are supplied by the Royal Opera's staging of *The King Goes Forth to France* and English National's production of *Simon Boccanegra*.

*The King Goes Forth*, the third opera by the Finnish composer Aulis Sallinen, jointly commissioned by the Royal Opera, the BBC and the Savonlinna Festival is an allegory, blending fantasy with re-enactments of history. The libretto, by Paavo Haavikko, provides no more than a skeleton for the action. It was fleshed out with brilliant invention by the producer Nicholas Hytner and his designer Bob Crowley.

With England at some future date in the grip of a new Ice Age, and the Channel frozen over, the King leads his people on an invasion of France. Time regresses by six centuries and they are back in the Hundred Years' War at Crécy and Calais. The message that war is brutal and brutalizing is put across with some *grand guignol* nastiness when a disenchanted English archer has his back flayed and his ears cut off on the King's orders. Crowley's sparing designs, dominated by an enormous cannon, emphasize the grim greyness of war amid the fields of Flanders poppies. But tension is relieved by Hytner's comic line-up of Genoese cross-bowmen, his soft-shoe shuffle for the King and the Prime Minister, and his newflash surtitles.

Sallinen's music speaks directly through powerful choruses, with their echoes of Mussorgsky and Prokofiev, accessible vocal lines, sometimes reminiscent of Britten and Janáček, and passages of appealing lyricism for the King's four rejected fiancées, notably those sung by Eilene Hannan and Sarah Walker. The role of the King, who progresses from in-



The lives of the Burghers of Calais hanging in the balance in *The King Goes Forth to France*.

souciant Prince to oppressive monarch, was well developed and finely sung by Mikael Melbye. The two Prime Ministers, father and son, were neatly contrasted by Stafford Dean. Okko Kamu obtained a polished performance of the well-crafted score which owed its impact to the producer's skill.

In *Simon Boccanegra* at the Coliseum it is Verdi's music which triumphs, under the baton of Mark Elder, over a production which obfuscates an already complex story. David Alden's "interpretation", compounded by David Fielding's designs and some crude lighting, amounts to a rejection of the work's Genoese maritime background, costumes ranging in style from the 14th to the 20th century set against stark black, white and red backgrounds, and a perpetual atmosphere of menace supplied by the black-garbed chorus, hints at underground torture chambers and gratuitous stage properties.

The performance is nevertheless well worth braving for the high quality of the singing. Jonathan Summers's *Boccanegra* is both vocally eloquent and sensitively portrayed and is matched in commitment by Janice Cairns's touching Amelia; their recognition scene is finely played. Her lover, Gabriele Adorno, is sung with fervour and

distinction by Arthur Davies; Gwynne Howell is in splendid and sonorous voice as Fiesco; and Alan Opie makes a strong impact as the villainous Paolo.

## CINEMA

### Lemonade and southern discomfort

BY GEORGE PERRY

It is unusual these days for an American film to provide three major women stars with dramatic roles that give each an opportunity to exercise her acting skills without fear of upstaging the others. Ensemble pieces were much more common when there was such a thing as a studio star system; the economics of filmmaking were vastly different from now, when the salary of a Redford or a Stallone can be the largest item on the budget. That the three ladies at the centre of *Crimes of the Heart*, each a former Oscar winner, appear together is a tribute to their belief in the work's quality.

Although it is set in the present the film is enveloped by a feeling

for times past, and of Hollywood's romantic preoccupation with the doings of small-town America that characterized so much of the output in the 1930s and 40s. This impulsive, ironic comedy was originally a successful stage play by Beth Henley, who gave up acting to become the first woman in 23 years to win a Pulitzer drama prize with this, her first full-length play. She has made the screen adaptation, with Australian Bruce Beresford (who made *Tender Mercies*) directing.

The setting is Henley's native Mississippi, in a lazy little town like thousands of others, where housewives squeeze lemonade to quaff in the afternoon heat on the wide verandahs of their faded white clapboard houses. Such places flourish on gossip and intrigue, scandal and powerplay.

The story reveals the fortunes, or rather misfortunes, of the Magrath sisters, a trio of disaster-prone siblings who seem to attract trouble like summer flies. One of them, Babe, played by Sissy Spacek, is temporarily out of jail, having been held for shooting her rich but insensitive husband in the stomach. She appears to contemplate her fate with unconcern, since to her, her actions have seemed completely logical. Diane Keaton is Lenny, an insecure and loveless spinster, who forlornly celebrates her



birthday alone by sticking candles on crumbly biscuits. Jessica Lange, as Meg, is a failed singer, home from Hollywood on the long-distance bus, who has made up for her career disappointments with a selfish and voracious sexual appetite.

The danger of theatricality is skirted. Overdrawn and semi-hysterical characterizations, the oddly formal cadences of southern speech patterns for which Beth Henley has an impeccable ear, and the compression of the staging are all traps for a director, but Beresford is up to them. In the play the entire action took place in the kitchen, but the film has mercifully opened up to encompass the whole house—a magnificent example of Ken Adam's set design—and a few exteriors. However, it is the acting of the three stars that makes *Crimes of the Heart* satisfying to watch.

Bertrand Blier also likes overdrawn characters. His *Tenue de soirée* opens in a dance hall where Antoine (Michel Blanc) and Monique (Miou-Miou) are conducting the ugly argument of a couple who have long since got on each other's nerves. They are joined by a hulking and mysteriously attractive stranger, Bob (G rard Depardieu), who transforms their jaded outlook and takes them on a spree robbing the mansions and penthouses of the bored rich. Bob, an ex-convict, is homosexual and converts Antoine, first in a *m nage   trois* and then, after the down-trodden, disgruntled Monique has been seen off into the employ of a pimp, into his feminine partner who is obliged to shave off his moustache, wear a wig and accompany him to the dance hall in a dress and high heels.

Superficially Blier's amoral stance would seem a cynical comment on the corruptibility of the human race, but the film is really an unusual and very funny story about the need for love, and

has moments of great compassion. Blier does not adopt high moral positions about anything; homosexuality, adultery, feminism, transvestism, burglary, all have the same measure and are good for a laugh.

ART

## Architect of the century

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The Le Corbusier show at the Hayward Gallery is full of visitors, many of them young—quite a few were still in nappies when the great man died of a heart attack while swimming in 1965. It is convincing proof of the continuing magic of Le Corbusier's name. No other modern architect would rate such a turn-out.

The organizers of this exhibition, however, seem to have misjudged the amount of space available. The show tries to put a quart into a pint pot and the result is fussy and cluttered, in a most un-Corbusian way. It has another, subtler defect. The way the spaces work—a long ground-floor gallery, linked by a staircase to a rather smaller and higher one—puts the emphasis on Le Corbusier's earlier production, and on single buildings rather than on his work as a theoretician and planner.

I doubt if this was the real intention. Those who worship Le Corbusier worship him as a prophet, not as the best builder of Petit Trianons since Ange-Jacques Gabriel. By its arrangement, the exhibition inadvertently delivers a verdict its planners and promoters might find devastating. The luxury villas Le Corbusier created in the late 1920s and early 1930s—the Villa Stein-de Monzie, the Villa Savoye, the Maisons Jaoul, the Villa La Roche—have shown to be his most attractive and memorable works. Each is an architectural poem; each contains a strong element of the intuitive and the irrational. All were built for a refined, cultivated  lite. The apparent simplicity is the mark of extreme sophistication.

This was *nothow* Le Corbusier saw his role. In his own mind he was someone who could teach people to live better. The trouble was that he took a strictly determinist view. Those who lived in his buildings must, because of the

logic of circumstances, want certain things; and they would, infallibly, react in certain ways to the environment provided for them. In democratizing his architectural conceptions, he revealed himself to be at heart a dictator.

There remains the most ambitious project Le Corbusier brought to fruition—the new city of Chandigarh in the Punjab, an administrative capital to replace Lahore, incorporated into Pakistan at the time of independence. Chandigarh has succeeded well enough to arouse contention—various factions within the remaining rump of Indian Punjab now wish to possess it. That, in itself, is a hopeful sign of continuing vitality. But India is littered with the bones of cities once ambitiously founded, from which the life has now fled.

THEATRE

## A Fair Maid for the Mermaid

BY J. C. TREWIN

Now the company that stormed Stratford-upon-Avon last season in the Elizabethan-Jacobean Swan Theatre behind the RSC's main house has come to the Mermaid, the building Bernard Miles created 30 years ago.

It has been altered once or twice since then; but in its latest RSC version this is a grand setting for a "promontory" stage, people on three sides of it, and in its centre all the swirling and skirmishing of Thomas Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West*.

A romantic extravaganza by a prodigious dramatist who seemed to write for the stage as casually as one might strike a match, *The Fair Maid* is now a conflation of two picaresque plays with Bess Bridges, "a girl worth gold", warmly at its heart. Beginning in a Plymouth tavern, she goes on to take charge of another down at Fowey. Presently, commanding her own ship as a scourge of the Barbary Coast, she searches for her lover, missing after having killed a man in a fight. It is only right that in such a play as this she should arrive at the court of the preposterous King of Fez; unsurprisingly, her apparently lost love turns up there as well.

This is the most relishing of romances, opening now with an



DONALD COOPER

Imelda Staunton, enchanting in *The Fair Maid of the West*.

improvisation when "spectators" among the Mermaid's audience who are tired, we gather, of Shakespeare, demand work that he might have described as "base, common and popular". Then off we go; although it is hard to say exactly what happens, where and why. Possibly Trevor Nunn, who directs, lost his way somewhere during happily chaotic rehearsals; but his expert production shows no sign of worry as it follows Heywood, more or less, through a furious cut-and-thrust; the Moroccan scenes might have been put together by a Jacobean Ray Cooney.

Certainly we need not ask whether these matters are plausible. They are not. The night does start properly in a romantic glow which Heywood expresses in those lines about the streets of Plymouth that glister with gold: "You cannot meet a man But, tricked in scarf and feather, that it seems As if the pride of England's gallantry Were harboured here."

We move on from this: no wonder that, in time, Mullisheg, King of Fez, says that Englishmen are "all composed of spirit and fire; the element of earth hath no part in them". Events at Fez are, to put it mildly, frenzied, until of a sudden everything goes gloriously right; it could hardly do otherwise.

The action hurtles up and down the stage with Imelda Staunton's Bess enchantingly in command; such players as Pete Postlethwaite (a redeemed swaggerer named Roughman) and Joe Melia (King) caught up in a whirl of invention; and the cast darting about the house with swords drawn (or else emerging from trapdoors or swinging on ropes). All in all, a good night's Heywood-and-Nunn entertainment.

Home from Hollywood: Jessica Lange in *Crimes of the Heart*, on general release this month.





# Food, sex and English life

BY ROBERT BLAKE

## The English, A Social History 1066-1945

by Christopher Hibbert  
Grafton Books, £20

This is a most enjoyable book and its 785 pages, replete with illustrations both in colour and in black and white, are wonderful value for money. It is a book to dip into rather than read from start to finish.

Christopher Hibbert starts with an excellent account of the medieval castle, its owners, meals and general style of life. Food is always a fascinating subject. A surviving bill of fare of the reign of Richard II has a three-course dinner; the first being larded boar's head, a pottage of boiled liver and kidneys, also beef, mutton, pork and swan; the second was duck, pheasant and chicken stuffed with egg yolk, dried currants, cinnamon, mace and cloves, also a pottage "seethed with good meat broth" and "small parboiled birds—sparrows, thrushes, starlings, linnets"; the third included rabbits, hares, teals, woodcocks and snipe and much else.

When George Neville was enthroned as Archbishop of York in 1465 he entertained 2,500 people at a series of meals. Among a great many other items consumed were 4,000 pigeons, 2,000 chickens, 400 swans, 100 dozen quails, 1,000 sheep, 500

partridges, 400 woodcocks, 1,500 hot venison pies, six wild bulls and a dozen porpoises and seals. Three hundred tuns of ale were drunk and 100 tuns of wine—well over 60 pints of wine for each person. "Teetotalism," the author observes, "was extremely rare, the word itself unknown till 1834. Drinkwater and Boileau were distinctive and uncommon surnames." One of Henry II's clerks complained that even at the King's peregrinating court the wine often "turned sour and mouldy, thick, greasy, stale, flat and smacking of pitch... I have sometimes seen great lords served with wine so muddy that a man must needs close his eyes and clench his teeth, wry-mouthed and shuddering, and filtering the stuff rather than drinking it". The average peasant was at least spared this form of refreshment but in general lived on a diet as different from and inferior to that of the grandees, as food in Chad today compared with food in Paris.

If our forefathers' meals are fascinating so, too, are their sexual mores. Of this subject in the Middle Ages we know very little. It is not until the 17th century that one finds people writing freely about sex. Samuel Pepys is one notable source, being a great womanizer who committed much of his private

life to paper. He is only rivalled by Boswell in the next century who also described his activities in much detail. Since the Press nowadays seems to be perpetually writing about condoms, it is perhaps of some interest to know their history. As has become the case recently their prime purpose was not contraception but protection from venereal disease. They were not available in England in Pepys's day but were commended in 1671 by Madame de Sévigné and widely used in France. So the expression "French letter" may not be quite as silly as it sounds. By Boswell's time "implements of safety, which infallibly secure the health of customers" were on regular sale in shops in St Martin's Lane, Half Moon Street and Leicester Fields. They were made of sheep gut or fish skin. Boswell called them his "armour". They were advertised as being supplied to "apothecaries... ambassadors, foreigners, gentlemen and captains of ships etc going abroad". Boswell was, however, careless too often and "unarmoured", acquiring frequent infections without suffering any permanent harm.

The late 17th century saw a notable rise in the number of pornographic books published. In Pepys's day—and he was of course an avid reader—they

were mostly imported from France. He bought for example *L'Escholler de Filles*, "the most bawdy lewd book I ever saw", and to describe the effect he is reduced to that strange mixture of English, French and Italian which he used to record things too improper to explain in plain English. Domestic products, however, soon made foreign imports less necessary. In 1750 John Cleland, a former pupil of Westminster School, produced the most famous of all, now available in paperback in a scholarly edition from that most respectable of publishers, the Oxford University Press. This was *Fanny Hill, or the Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure*. Its author made the mistake of selling his copyright for a lump sum of £20. The bookseller who bought it is supposed to have made £10,000.

But one must not give the impression that the book is only concerned with food and sex. There is information about every aspect of life—work, leisure, games, homes, holidays, magazines. It is interesting to learn that *The Illustrated London News*, founded in 1842, began with a circulation of 60,000 and 20 years later had one of 300,000. I have only one criticism. There ought to be more about fox-hunting—that great social cement for much of the period covered.

## RECENT FICTION

### A passage through England

BY IAN STEWART

#### The Enigma of Arrival

by V. S. Naipaul  
Viking, £10.95

#### Our Father

by Bernice Rubens  
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95

#### Wild Justice

by Lesley Grant-Adamson  
Faber & Faber, £9.95

V. S. Naipaul came to Britain from Trinidad in 1950 and, after four years at Oxford, settled in London to write. Since then he

has published nine novels, one of them, *In a Free State*, a Booker Prize winner in 1971, and the last, *A Bend in the River* (1979), a gripping and tragic story of revolutionary turbulence in post-colonial Africa. His new book, *The Enigma of Arrival*, is described as "a novel about England and at the same time about the development of a writer". Certainly it evokes, vividly if also obsessively, the flinty dry landscape of Wiltshire while identifying the decline of a great Edwardian estate with the emergence of post-war, post-imperial Britain.

In the second section of the book the narrator describes his journey to London and the futile search of an unknowing 18-year-old for "metropolitan material". The London he knew only imaginatively was the London of Dickens—the reality was a

boarding house in Earls Court and tramping about a city that produced no adventures and did nothing to sharpen his eye for buildings or people.

The writer at this point describes the transformation of Earls Court into a cosmopolitan enclave and sets this development in the context of the larger transformation of great cities ("They were to cease being more or less national cities; they were to become cities of the world... establishing the pattern of what great cities should be, in the eyes of islanders like myself and people even more remote in language and culture"). This is the Naipaul we have since come to know, a writer whose breadth and depth of vision have done so much to sharpen our perception.

In the first and last two sections of the book, set in the countryside near Salisbury, the

narrator is concerned not with the conscious search for useful material but more fundamentally the search for the patterns and connexions which help the writer to form his picture of the mystery of life. Here the material is history, landscape and the lives of individual people who are seen as part of that history and landscape. Seeing the clear imperial, historical line that had brought him from the plantation colony of Trinidad to a manorial cottage in Wiltshire, he felt great sympathy for his landlord, the ailing owner of a once-great estate.

The valley changes as the elms die and the rooks make their nests in the beeches instead. Of this unceasing process of change and decay the narrator's presence is itself a symptom. The people he meets, like Jack, a farm labourer, Pitton the well-dressed gardener and Bray the car-hire





This dazzling display of azaleas tumbles down a rockery below the Surrey house of Bryan Forbes—one of the ravishing gardens of 24 well-known people featured in *Gardens of the Heart* by Susan Chivers and Suzanne Woloszynska, with photographs by Peter Woloszynski, published by Chatto & Windus at £14.95.

man, seemed to be part of the landscape, remnants of the past. Yet Jack had ignored the tenuousness of his hold on the land and created his garden by a swamp and a ruined farmyard. To the end he asserted the primacy of life. That is the mystery, which he defines as the true religion of men, that the narrator is seeking, and his search for it makes this book an enriching experience.

The heroine of Bernice Rubens's novel *Our Father* is a 37-year-old desert explorer who becomes pregnant after a brief encounter with a plumber on the morning of her wedding to a sterile, aristocratic wine shipper, briefly considers passing this embarrassment off as a case of immaculate conception and later loses the baby. That may not be as startling as the scenario of Ms Rubens's earlier novel, *Spring Sonata*, in which a foetus kills its mother because it does not fancy the family into which it is destined to be born. But that is to overlook God. Veronica Smiles is pursued by Him. She first meets Him in the Sahara after which He pops up everywhere—in Surbiton where she lives, in restaurants, concert halls, even miraculously in her bed the morning after she had first slept with the man she is to marry.

The intervention of God requires the intervention of the Devil—in Soho she is groped by a stranger and likes it. But she becomes convinced that it is God who compels her to seek out hidden papers at home. Reading

letters she discovers that her mother, a mountaineer, had been driven to her death in the Himalayas by her husband's affair with Millie Wayne. She had known of this herself, being still a young child when she had suffocated the baby born of that union.

The reconstruction of the tensions of Veronica's childhood is simply but touchingly done, but the ordeal of atonement to which God subjects her, confronting her with her crime and taking from her the child who was the work of the Devil, is badly compromised. Putting God on stage is a tricky business. "An eye for an eye," he unfeelingly remarks when her vain labour is over. But He is also frivolously enigmatic.

Ruthless, interventionist American proprietor of English national daily found dead at his desk within a month of assuming ownership. Despite its traditional Fleet Street setting, Lesley Grant-Adamson's whodunit, *Wild Justice*, has much of the *ciné-vérité* realism found in thrillers. As the late Hal MacQuillan conformed closely to the monstrous stereotype there are initially plenty of suspects among the resentful staff of the *Daily Post*. Though revenge for a ruined career proves not a very surprising motive, the plot is skilfully elaborated with the proprietor's suspected involvement in terrorism in Ulster. Rain Morgan, the gossip columnist at the centre of office rivalries, pursues the killer in a climactic chase through the Barbican Centre.

## THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

### HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (8) **Windmills of the Gods** by Sidney Sheldon  
Collins, £10.95  
Diplomat in Iron Curtain trouble.
- 2 (9) **The Garden of Eden** by Ernest Hemingway  
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95  
Cool posthumous novel.
- 3 (5) **Heart of the Country** by Fay Weldon  
Hutchinson, £8.95  
The feminists strike again.
- 4 (—) **Autobiography of Henry VIII** by Margaret George  
Macmillan, £11.95
- 5 (—) **The Enigma of Arrival** by V. S. Naipaul  
Viking, £10.95  
Leisurely autobiographical novel.
- 6 (2) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell  
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95  
Another of his gusty Asian sagas.
- 7 (4) **Red Storm Rising** by Tom Clancy  
Collins, £10.95  
Superpower warfare in shattering detail.
- 8 (—) **No Enemy but Time** by Evelyn Anthony  
Hutchinson, £9.95  
Irish family saga.
- 9 (—) **The Janus Man** by Colin Forbes  
Collins, £10.95  
A meaty spy thriller.
- 10 (—) **The Parson's Daughter** by Catherine Cookson  
Heinemann, £10.95  
Plot set in Victorian Durham.

### HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (—) **Little Wilson and Big God** by Anthony Burgess  
Heinemann, £12.95  
Self-indulgent but witty autobiography.
- 2 (1) **Don't Ask the Price** by Marcus Seiff  
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95  
History of Marks & Spencer.
- 3 (—) **The First Eden: The Mediterranean World and Man** by David Attenborough  
Collins, £12.95
- 4 (—) **Marilyn** by Gloria Steinem  
Gollancz, £12.95
- 5 (—) **RAB: The Life of R. A. Butler** by Anthony Howard  
Jonathan Cape, £15  
A good, balanced account.
- 6 (—) **Khashoggi** by Ronald Kessler  
Bantam Press, £10.95  
A glimpse at an indecently rich tycoon.
- 7 (—) **Dancing on my Grave** by Gelsey Kirkland with Greg Lawrence  
Hamish Hamilton, £12.95  
From ballet to drugs and back again.
- 8 (3) **The Rotation Diet** by Martin Katahn  
Bantam Press, £9.95
- 9 (5) **Catwatching** by Desmond Morris  
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
- 10 (—) **Domesday: A Search for the Roots of England** by Michael Wood  
BBC, £12.95  
The book of the five-part television series.

### PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (4) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor  
Faber & Faber, £3.50  
Leads you gently into US small-town life.
- 2 (—) **The Bourne Supremacy** by Robert Ludlum  
Grafton Books, £3.95  
Violence in Hong Kong and China.
- 3 (2) **The Name of the Rose** by Umberto Eco  
Picador, £3.95  
Thriller set in medieval times.
- 4 (6) **The Mosquito Coast** by Paul Theroux  
Penguin, £2.95  
Starting life anew in the jungle.
- 5 (1) **Break In** by Dick Francis  
Pan, £2.95  
Thriller by the man who knows horses.
- 6 (—) **High Stand** by Hammond Innes  
Fontana, £2.95  
Gold-mining in the Yukon.
- 7 (10) **The Storyteller** by Harold Robbins  
New English Library, £2.95  
Striking it rich as a writer in Hollywood.
- 8 (—) **The Fourth Protocol** by Frederick Forsyth  
Corgi, £2.95  
Revolution comes to Britain.
- 9 (9) **Lie Down with Lions** by Ken Follett  
Corgi, £2.95  
A thriller of deadly intrigue.
- 10 (3) **Rumpole's Last Case** by John Mortimer  
Penguin, £2.95

### PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (1) **Runaway** by Lucy Irvine  
Penguin, £2.95  
What the castaway did.
- 2 (3) **Castaway** by Lucy Irvine  
Penguin, £2.95
- 3 (2) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof  
Penguin, £3.95
- 4 (—) **Dancing in the Light** by Shirley Maclaine  
Bantam, £3.50  
Charming, theatrical autobiography.
- 5 (5) **The City of Joy** by Dominique Lapierre  
Arrow, £3.95  
Moving picture of the slums of Calcutta.
- 6 (4) **The Jaguar Smile** by Salman Rushdie  
Picador, £2.95  
A tourist's look at Nicaragua.
- 7 (—) **Yeager** by Chuck Yeager  
Arrow, £3.95  
The first man to fly faster than sound.
- 8 (6) **Swimming to Cambodia** by Spalding Gray  
Picador, £3.50  
An American's diverse experiences.
- 9 (—) **The Highway Code**  
HMSO, 60p
- 10 (—) **Spike Milligan: A Biography** by Pauline Scudamore  
Grafton, £3.50

Brackets show last month's position.  
Information from Book Trust.  
Comments by Martyn Goff.



# GERMAN TOYS OF QUALITY

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects coming up for sale in May at Phillips. They are a tinplate omnibus by Bing, an antique Sejshour rug, four American coins and a pair of 17th-century embroidered slippers. Readers are invited to match their estimates of the prices that these may fetch with those of a panel of experts drawn from the three London salerooms taking part: Phillips, Bonhams and Christie's, and chaired by the Editor of *The Illustrated London News*.

**T**he tinplate toys of Bing, a German family firm founded in Nuremberg in about 1865 by the brothers Ignaz and Adolf, are renowned for their quality. The magazine *Toy Trader*, writing about a Bing exhibition, observed in 1909: "Let the visitor pick up any article he may come across and he will find that irrespective of price, the finish, style and workmanship are, in every individual case, perfect." Bing claimed that it did not matter if a boy paid 1s or £1 for their toy steam locomotives, all would have been individually tested under steam. Bing made all manner of boats, trains and novelty toys in tin, and excelled in wheeled vehicles.



Bing's superb motor cars—essentially toys, but sufficiently detailed to attract the attention of serious students of automobilia—frequently feature in Phillips' sales of collectors' items. For example, the open tourers illus-

trated above, a De Dion Bouton of about 1904 and a Mercedes 90 of similar vintage, sold at Phillips for £2,400 and £2,100 respectively in 1982.

A splendid, near-mint example of a 1911 lithographed tinplate

omnibus by Bing, illustrated below, is included in a large sale of toys at Phillips on May 20. It was probably destined for the German market, but many motor buses and delivery vans were provided for sale in Britain with advertising in correct English.

A long and successful partnership between Bing and the British model-railway firm of Bassett-Lowke began in 1900, when the Nuremberg company agreed to manufacture rail stock for the Northampton firm.

After the interruption of the First World War, Bing re-emerged in the 1920s as one of the giants among German tinplate toy-makers. The company finally died in receivership in 1932, leaving a rich legacy for collectors.

## £1,000 for Dulwich reader

The March auction was won by Margaret Coombe of Dulwich in London. She will receive a £1,000 voucher from Christie's for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items estimated by the *ILN* panel. Her estimate for the total was £11,069,000 which compared with the panel's figure of £11,083,000. The aggregate price included the estimate for van Gogh's *Sunflowers* which was sold for a world record price of £22.5 million.



**A Bing omnibus.** A lithographed tinplate clockwork Bing omnibus, c 1911, 30cm long, in near-mint condition. In a sale of Toys on May 20 at noon. (Viewing May 11, 9am-11am, 19, 9am-5pm.) Phillips' estimate: £2,500-£3,500.



# ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 PHILLIPS VOUCHER



**B Antique rug.** A Sejshour rug, north-east Caucasus, c 1850, 1.93 x 1.19 metres. In a sale of Fine Oriental Carpets and Rugs on May 19 at 11am. (Viewing May 15, 9am-5pm, 16, 9am-noon, 17, noon-5pm, 18, 9am-4pm.) Phillips' estimate: £4,000-£5,000.

## HOW TO ENTER

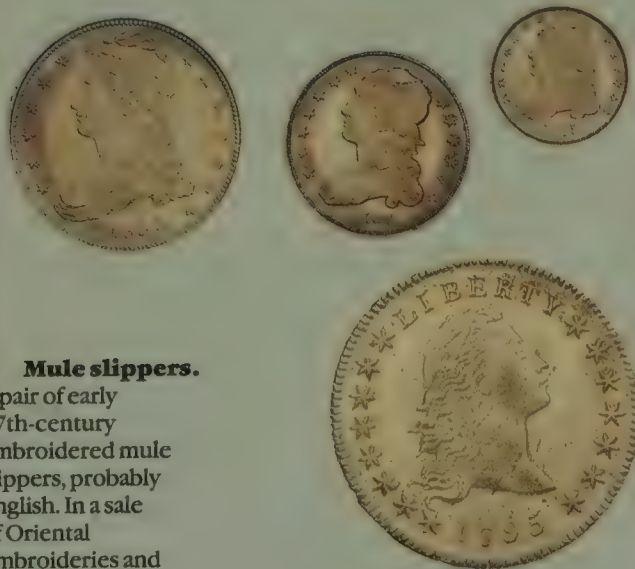
The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Phillips in London in May. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Phillips which can be redeemed at any Phillips sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the Bing tinplate omnibus, which the experts judged the most difficult of the four

items to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the May competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than May 31, 1987. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the May, 1987 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the May auction will be announced in the August issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Christie's.

**C American coins.** A group of four American coins, 1795-1838. In a sale of Coins, Ancient and Modern including USA, by Glendining's, Phillips' coin and medal auctioneers, on May 27 at 10.30am. (Viewing May 21, by appointment, 22, 26, 9am-noon, 1-4pm.) Phillips' estimate: £9,000-£11,000.



## D Mule slippers.

A pair of early 17th-century embroidered mule slippers, probably English. In a sale of Oriental Embroideries and Robes, Period Costume, Shoes, Needlework Pictures, Bobbins and Lace on May 14 at 11am. (Viewing May 12, 13, 9am-4pm.) Phillips' estimate: £3,000-£5,000.



## MAY COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by May 31, 1987.

Send the completed form to:

*The Illustrated London News* (May Auction)  
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

Estimate for object A \_\_\_\_\_ Estimate for object C \_\_\_\_\_

Estimate for object B \_\_\_\_\_ Estimate for object D \_\_\_\_\_

TOTAL ESTIMATE \_\_\_\_\_

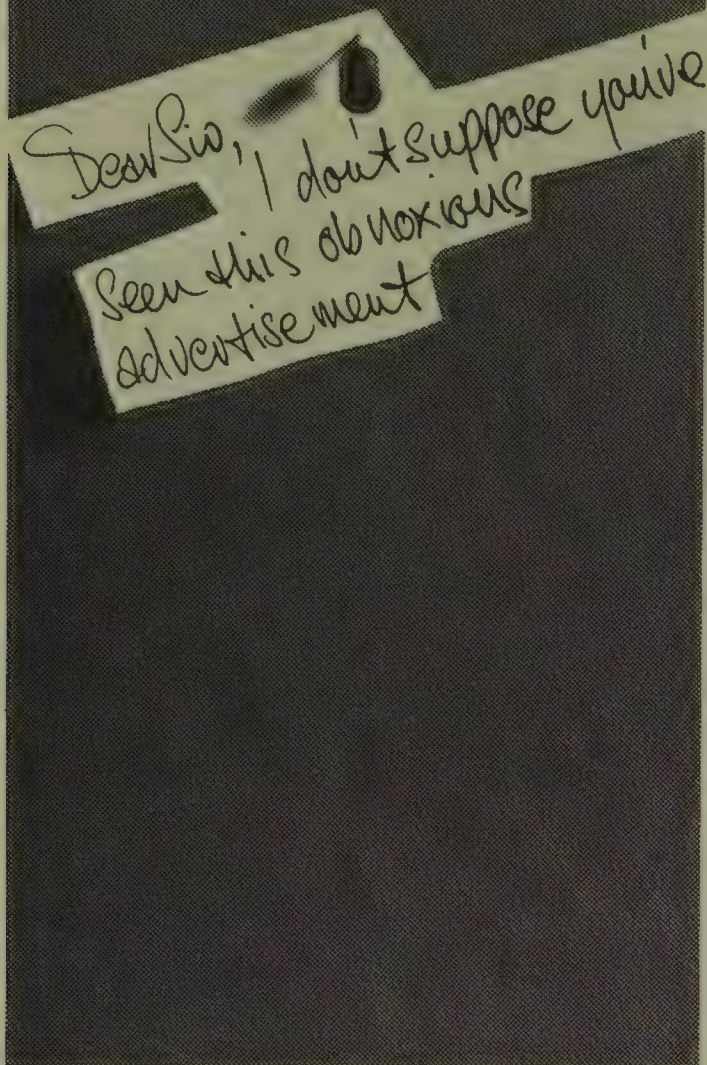
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Address \_\_\_\_\_



# Talking terms

Stuart Marshall throws light on technical jargon.



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As cars become more sophisticated, their drivers tend to know less and less about them. In the old days cars were more temperamental than they are today. One had to know something about their mechanics. A driver who could not identify dirt in the carburettor or a loose high-tension lead as the cause of rough running was not a proper motorist at all. In the late 1950s and early 60s cars were often bought because they had features like disc front brakes, rack and pinion steering and all-independent suspension. Virtually all cars have them today and on the whole the modern car is so reliable, despite its high-technology complications, that all one needs to know is where the petrol goes and how to work the radio.

If you are planning to buy a particular car because you like its shape or colour, technical details may seem boring and irrelevant. But an appreciation of some of them may make motoring more enjoyable, safer and more economical. Here are some definitions of current motoring jargon:

**ABS, or anti-lock braking.**

This is a system that prevents one or more of a car's wheels from locking up and skidding when brakes are applied. ABS senses when lock-up point has been reached and reduces the braking effort on that wheel. A car fitted with ABS may be braked hard on a slippery surface without loss of steering control and it will stop in a shorter distance than a car not equipped in this way.

**Fuel injection** replaces the familiar carburettor, which mixes petrol with air and feeds it to the cylinders. Fuel-injected engines draw in pure air. Minute and precisely measured amounts of petrol are then squirted individually into each cylinder at exactly the right moment.

**Turbocharging** is a means of forcing more air into the engine so that it may be mixed with more petrol and allow extra power to be developed. A compressor is driven by a tiny turbine which uses energy from the exhaust gases which would otherwise go to waste. Turbochargers do not produce much boost until the engine has reached about 2,000 revolutions a minute.

A **supercharger** is also a com-

pressor but it is driven directly off the engine, not by a turbine using exhaust gases. It provides air to boost the engine's power from very low revolutions, improving acceleration from a standstill and making a car much livelier in urban driving conditions.

**Multi-valve cylinder heads** also increase power delivery. An engine has valves through which air/petrol mixture or plain air is drawn in and exhaust gases allowed to escape. There are limits to the size of an individual valve but their numbers can be increased, though this does complicate the means by which the valves are operated. A three-valve-per-cylinder engine is more effective than a two-valve; a four-valves per cylinder engine is better still.

**Electronic ignition** replaces the old-fashioned contact-breaker points which were often a source of starting troubles. It also ensures that the spark plugs operate at the precise moment for best results.

A **hydraulic torque converter** is the heart of most automatic transmissions. It increases the torque (turning power) of the engine before it is transmitted to the drive wheels. Because a torque converter has a limited operating range, it has to be used in conjunction with a self-changing gearbox which is automatically controlled by the load on the engine and the speed of the car. Most automatics used to have three-speed gearboxes; all the new ones have four speeds.

**Mechanical lock-up** increases the efficiency of an automatic transmission. Torque converters always slip slightly. Mechanical lock-up prevents this slippage from taking place and saves fuel, especially during motorway driving.

**Run-on tyres** do not come off the wheel if they should deflate when the car is going quickly, allowing the driver to retain control. They also make it possible to drive the car a few miles to a garage though they will be unfit for use afterwards. The runflat tyre does what it says; it may be driven on for a limited distance when completely deflated and may even be repairable. Many runflat systems have been proposed but none has been completely successful so far ○



## WINE

# Time to breath

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

How far in advance should one open a bottle? This is a most frequently asked question, particularly in relation to fine and/or old wines, and one to which there is, paradoxically, no firm and sure answer.

If your vintage wine is old enough to have thrown a deposit, I recommend drawing the cork a couple of hours before decanting. If there is a stubborn or difficult cork and if one jolts the bottle and disturbs the sediment, the wine is given time to settle down again. Leave the bottle upright after the cork is drawn and either balance the cork on the top or re-insert it fractionally.

The principal reason for decanting is to serve wine clear and bright, leaving any bits of sediment in the bottom of the bottle instead of pouring it into the glasses. The sediment is not only unsightly but it will affect the taste.

The second reason for decanting is to aerate the wine. By general consensus young wines can take, possibly need, plenty of breathing time, older wines less. Very old wines need scarcely any time at all: just extract the cork and decant carefully. The vast majority of wines can be treated as straightforwardly: just open the bottle and pour. Virtually all commercial reds, rosés and quite a few better-quality whites do not change with exposure to air in normal serving and drinking conditions. However *all* will oxidize and "flatten" in taste if left open for several days.

But in the case of better-class, principally red, vintage wines, it is important to bear in mind that once exposed to air, they will change. The main problem is to anticipate how much and how quickly. The longer I deal with fine wines the more firmly I am convinced that if the wine is good—from a decent vineyard, well made in a fine vintage year—when it is put into the bottle, then, as long as the storage conditions have been sound and the cork has not deteriorated, the wine will still be good, stable and drinkable when the cork is drawn, no matter what its age. A good, sound wine—five, 10, 25 or 50 years old—is unlikely to deteriorate shortly after the cork is extracted and the wine decanted; on the contrary, a

century-old wine will catch its second breath, as it were, unfolding its bouquet, expanding and developing over a period of two or three hours, sometimes longer.

If the wine is of a poorish vintage and lacked body and balance when young, or if the storage has been poor, perhaps too warm, allowing the cork to shrink, the wine is likely to break down very soon after it is poured out—perhaps in a matter of minutes.

It is my considered opinion that no noticeable oxidation occurs for a considerable period after the cork is drawn and, surprisingly, little change occurs in the decanter. The main development takes place in the glass. The greater the wine, the more revealing and complex the bouquet and the longer it and the flavour will last. To give an example: at a Bordeaux Club dinner my reds opened with my only bottle of Lafite 1961. The problem was how to present this wine at its very best. I took the wine from my London Cellar to Christie's cellar two weeks in advance. The day before dinner I brought it carefully up to my office, leaving it standing upright. The afternoon of the dinner I dusted the bottle gently, removed the capsule and wiped the top, first with a damp cloth then with clean dry kitchen paper. The cork was drawn about 5pm and stood loose on the top, less to prevent air than dust from getting in. The wine was decanted at 6.45pm into a rather wide-mouthed carafe, without a stopper, and carried at 7.30, just before the first guest arrived, to the boardroom where we were to have dinner. It was actually served at 8.30pm. By 9pm the bouquet had blossomed nicely and by 9.45 it had developed fully and had a nice warm, spicy, biscuity fragrance. I kept a little in my glass and two hours after it had first been poured it still smelled delicious.

To sum up, my advice on aerating wine is to be bold and to try decanting well in advance. Above all, with a really fine wine (and this applies as much to a top-class white burgundy as to claret) give the wine a chance to blossom in the glass, sip it, make it last, revel in its marvellous development ○



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Ninety years ago the DGAA was founded to help those who are today's professional people facing livelihoods that had collapsed – and with very few others to care.

Succeeding decades have produced differing circumstances, but the continuing thread has been the knowledge that everywhere there are people, who had thought their plans for later life complete, quite suddenly finding themselves totally unable to cope.

Failing health, savings slashed in value, the shock of bereavement – whatever the reason, in each case the need for speedy help in deep distress has been vital.

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## HOTELS

# Cotswold comfort

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Brian and Barbara Ball, assisted by their son Richard and a pair of decorous labradors decided three years ago to become country-house hoteliers. They bought an old Cotswold farmhouse and turned it into the kind of hotel they wanted rather than pay the premium from a vendor selling an already-established hostelry.

That farmhouse, now called Calcot Manor, is to be found 3 miles west of Tetbury. It opened its doors in August, 1984, won a Michelin red M for above-average cooking just over a year later, and is now one of only eight hotels in the British Isles outside London to boast a Michelin rosette. Such awards are not won lightly: to have achieved one so rapidly is a rare tribute to the Balls' gifts and dedication.

They are not tyros however. Brian Ball—tall, slim, balding and slightly donnish—worked in hotels and restaurants in Switzerland as a young man, and had for many years run the catering services of BP. Richard went through catering school and gained hotel experience in London, Paris and Oxford. As for Barbara, the hotel's brochure describes her as "one of those rare natural hostesses equally at home when entertaining three people or 300".

Calcot Manor is one of those timeless, mellow Cotswold buildings with a range of venerable outbuildings, including a fine 14th-century tithe barn. The previous owner must have farmed with success since the fixtures and fittings he left behind include a heated outdoor pool. Accommodating the dozen rooms and suites, each with its own bathroom, has been accomplished with little punishment to the proportions: a lot of thought and money has been given to make each bathroom large and luxurious, with a bidet and a wall-hung hair-dryer.

The rooms are all admirably comfortable. There are no errors of taste, but the choice of furnishing could have been more adventurous. Two rooms boast jacuzzis and one has a four-poster bed: these cost 50 per cent more than the standard rooms.

One of the major pleasures of a visit is the quality of chef Ray Farthing's cooking. At 26, Farthing is one of the growing cadre of English kitchen whizz-kids. He took over the *toque* at the Manor only a year ago, having previously been sous-chef at the rosetted Castle Hotel in Taunton. The set four-course dinner is £21 and no *minceur* feast, but for the even more robust gourmet there is a six-course gastronomic surprise menu at £26.

Most dishes come with rich sauces. It is not a simple style of cooking, but Farthing is a naturally innovative cook, a man with panache. I appreciated the fact that everything we ate had been prepared in the Manor's kitchens—from the rolls and walnut bread to the home-made biscuits with the cheese, and the chocolate-covered Montélimar served with the coffee. The wine list was catholic, well-described, with an unusually modest mark-up.

Calcot Manor is in the south Cotswolds, agreeably less populous than the area round Burford and Broadway, and conveniently close to both the M4 and the M5. There is plenty of rewarding, local sightseeing. Westonbirt Arboretum is 10 minutes down the road, the Wildfowl Trust at Slimbridge is a 20-minute drive to the west, Bath and Cheltenham are a half-hour's distance.

**Calcot Manor**, near Tetbury, Glos GL8 8YJ (066 689 227). Bed and breakfast: single from £50, double £65-£110 (includes full English breakfast and newspapers). Set dinner £21. Prices include VAT and service.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.





# RESTAURANTS

## Rule, Britannia!

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

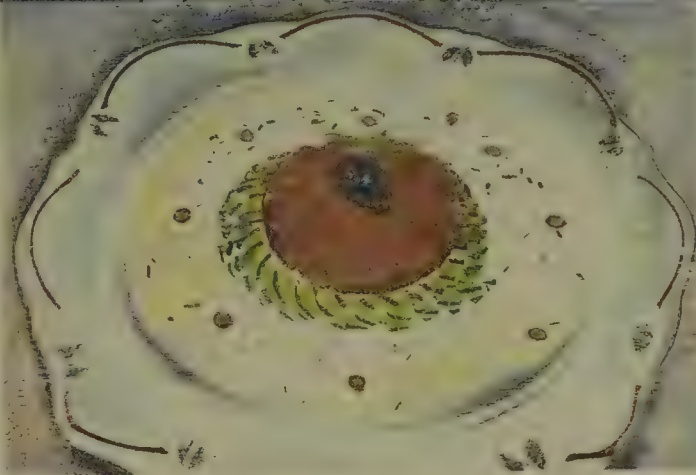
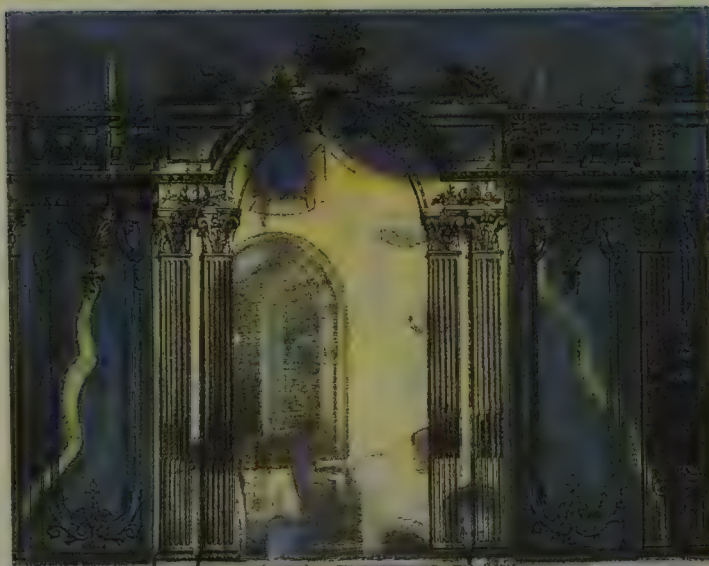
I felt a little guilty about allowing my fondness for hotel restaurants to induce me to write up my third in a row. The arguments for and against such a choice of venue have often been rehearsed. One I cannot remember using recently is that if they serve you poor or indifferent food there, in other words if the meal is about average for London, you can at least try to get it down in comfort and possibly some splendour. So of course with being cheated, insulted, kept waiting, etc.

All the same, I had my misgivings when I found myself one lunchtime in the middle of the smallish new town of boutiques, flower-shops, candy-stores and the like that occupy the ground floor of the Britannia Intercontinental Hotel. The style of decoration in the cocktail bar, with its unstained wood paneling and portraits of New England witch-finders, rubbed in the American half of the Anglo-American approach the restaurant takes, or so its name—The Best of Both Worlds—is meant to declare. After all, the place is only a few yards from the embassy.

When I wrote some months ago in these pages that American influence on restaurants could be baneful, a reader from over there was so indignant that he failed altogether to notice my reasoning. I had suggested, in part, that in their food and drink Americans tend to "care more for promise than performance, presentation than substance", adding spitefully, "as they do in their literature". Some of this came back to mind when I drank my eye-catching but sadly innocuous Best of Both Worlds Sour (first-rate Dry Martini, however) and saw that the menu promised delights like "mountain air cured ham with exotic fruits", though not specifying the mountain, true.

What it perhaps understandably omits to mention is that the chef, an Englishman, is a master, a virtuoso. My suspicions had sharpened when the first course arrived surmounted by huge silver hemispheres which were ceremonially snatched off as one. My fillets of chicken (pan fried with soured onions and lemon sauce) were not just scattered on the plate but arranged like the spokes of a wheel and looked too good to be good—but they were wonderful, tasty, light, moist, everything they could be. Thanks or not to that mountain air, the ham was wonderful too, with a more attractive texture and a rougher flavour than Parma ham. And if there be a wonderful chicken consommé then this one was it.

We waited for the main course with fingers



crossed and, in my case, a belly more than half filled for the time of day. Could he keep it up? He could. He did. I had issued him a silent challenge by ordering rosettes of veal (with creamed morels and cider sauce)—if you can get me to go wild about veal, I subvocalized, you are a genius. He got me to, and I ate to the end, long after I was full. One guest said she had not tasted such lamb since she was a little girl in Wales. The other's sirloin steak drew little comment, only that it was unimprovable. All vegetables were done to a turn, another surpassing rarity in this city.

Such was unequivocally the best meal I have had since starting these articles in September, 1985. In the most indefensibly gormandizing tradition, it stayed in the mind

### LONDON RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR

The *ILN* is introducing a new award for restaurants. Readers are invited to send a nomination for a London restaurant worthy of consideration by the judges, with a brief reason for their choice, to:  
The Illustrated London News (Restaurant award)  
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

for days afterwards. I have entered it in my short list of best-ever meals, alongside an Indonesian lunch at the Casa Bambu in Majorca in 1964 and a Mexican dinner a couple of years later given me and Leslie Charteris by the wife of an eminent science-fiction writer in a private house in Sutton.

Though it began with a dish incorporating the most delicious batter I have ever tasted, dinner the following week was a let-down, though if we had come to it first we should probably have found it very good. The canvas-back duckling (American, I find, so called from colour of back feathers) was not really tender, and the lamb I chose was too much like hard work: I suppose I am just resistant to that sort of meat put up in chunks rather than slices. Some of the time a harpist purveyed her sonic treacle, a programme that included "The Snowy-Breasted Pearl" and "Danny Boy". Well, it was St Patrick's Day.

All wine was impeccably kept and served. The list opens with a page of English wines (not just now, thank you) and two of American, followed by three of classy clarets in the £50-£100-plus range and similar of red burgundy, also less distinguished but honest reds from £12.50 or so.

Adequate whites. I say the stuff was properly served: yes, but at dinner we were dealt overgrown burgundy glasses that would have accommodated a whole bottle at once and still left us plenty of room to stick our noses in for a sniff. Fine for Goliath's table but a bit unhandy and embarrassing on ours. The substitutes, quickly brought, were more reasonably sized but of bathroom-window glass. There is really no need to refine on the plain 6-8 ounce tulip-shape.

Particularly when courses take a while to arrive, one bottle between two of you can sometimes not last very comfortably until the main course is eaten, whereas two bottles will be too much for two people, though fine for three. A few halves, listed beside the corresponding wholes, would be a great amenity.

If the Best of Both Worlds needed bonus points, it would pick them up from me by not including any service charge on its bills. No doubt the management feel that their customers will want to be generous.

The Best of Both Worlds Restaurant, Britannia Intercontinental Hotel, Grosvenor Square, W1 (629 9400). Mon-Fri, 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.30pm; Sat, Sun, 6.30-10.30pm only. About £50 for two. Three-course set menu (lunch) £15.50 a head, seven-course set menu (dinner) £21.50.



# LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

## ILN ratings

★★Highly recommended

★Well worth seeing

## THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

### ★The Amen Corner

James Baldwin's play, set in a hot-gossiping negro church in Harlem, is rather too long for its substance, but it does develop unusual suspense. It is acted to the hilt by the Carib Theatre Company, led by Carmen Munroe. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

### Antony & Cleopatra

Peter Hall directs the National's first production of Shakespeare's play, with Anthony Hopkins & Judi Dench in the title roles. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

### ★★Breaking the Code

Alan Turing, honoured for breaking the enemy code Enigma, was a homosexual at a time when this was a criminal offence. Hugh Whitmore's play & Derek Jacobi's acting evoke remarkably the personality of a complex, uncompromising figure. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

### ★Brighton Beach Memoirs

In Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical play Susan Engel & Dorothy Tutin are, persuasively, the Jewish sisters. Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh are the gentle head of the household & his 15-year-old son, who acts as commentator. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

### Cats

Andrew Lloyd Webber uses T. S. Eliot's cat poems with craft as the basis of a musical. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

### ★Chess

Spectacular show, by Tim Rice & composers Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. (Siobhan McCarthy replaces Miss Paige for Thurs matinée & Mon performances.) Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951, cc 836 3464).

### Country Dancing

If it had been left to a brief study of the folk-music & dance that the Edwardian Cecil Sharp discovered during his rural explorations, this could have been a most



Paul Jones and Nichola McAuliffe in the RSC's amusing *Kiss Me Kate* at the Old Vic from May 19.

engaging night. But Nigel Williams has chosen to pad out the song-&-dance by a fictional anecdote of jealousy & revenge which complicates the occasion without adding very much to it. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### Court in the Act!

Farce by Maurice Hennequin & Pierre Veber with Gabrielle Drake as a Parisian seductress, Michael Denison & Lee Montague. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999).

### Every Man in His Humour

Ben Jonson's seldom-revived comedy, directed by John Caird, with Pete Postlethwaite & Henry Goodman. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

### Henry IV Pts 1 & 2, Henry V

In the first two of these linked chronicles the English Shakespeare Company has a really imaginative Falstaff (John Woodvine) & a Prince Hal (Michael Pennington) who grows splendidly towards kingship. Indeed, much of the playing is reasonable, but need Michael Bogdanov's modern-dress production, which slips back to the medieval on the field of Shrewsbury, look so ugly? The complete trilogy is performed on Saturdays. Until May 2. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

### ★High Society

Richard Eyre has borrowed some extra Cole Porter songs to make a Porter mosaic. Though rather long, it is exceedingly professional & has the benefit of an unerring performance by Natasha Richardson. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

### ★The House of Bernarda Alba

Uncompromising melodrama of sexual repression in a Spanish village household directed by Nuria Espert. Glenda Jackson & particularly Joan Plowright are firmly in the spirit of Lorca's text. Until May 30. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc 379 6433).

### Julius Caesar

Roger Allam plays Brutus in Terry Hands's new production. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

### ★★King Lear

Anthony Hopkins is a powerful Lear in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant as Gloucester & Anna Massey as Goneril. Olivier. REVIEWED FEB, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE FEB, 1987.

### Lady Day

American jazz singer & actress Dee Dee

Bridgewater brings her portrayal of Billie Holiday & her turbulent life to the West End. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

### ★Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a subtly sustained play. Jonathan Hyde & Eleanor David play the two late-18th-century aristocrats. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

### Macbeth

In Adrian Noble's revival Jonathan Pryce is in the title role with Sinead Cusack as a striking Lady Macbeth. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### ★★The Magistrate

Nothing goes awry in Michael Rudman's production of Pinero's 19th-century farce. Nigel Hawthorne is extremely funny as Aeneas Posket & Gemma Craven is perfect as the second wife. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED NOV. 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

### ★Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

### The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, now in its 35th year. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

### ★The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical depends largely upon its theatrical effects in a

## TOP CHOICE

### THEATRE

#### The Fair Maid of the West

Trevor Nunn directs this happy conflation of two plays by the Jacobean dramatist Thomas Heywood, which storms into the Mermaid. Imelda Staunton is the Plymouth barmaid who turns pirate to search for her lover on the Barbary Coast. Lively, entertaining production. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc). REVIEW ON P67.



production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs beneath the Paris Opéra. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc).

#### A Piece of My Mind

George Cole & Anna Carteret in a new comedy by Peter Nichols. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

#### The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

Brecht's gangster spectacular with Griff Rhys Jones & Brian Glover. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc 741 9999).

#### Romeo & Juliet

Michael Bogdanov's revival is set in 1986 Verona, with Sean Benn & Niamh Cusack as the young lovers. Barbican.

#### ★Six Characters in Search of an Author

Pirandello's uncanny meeting between reality & illusion on the stage of an Italian theatre is performed now with imaginative craft under Michael Rudman's direction. Richard Pasco, Barbara Jefford & Lesley Sharp are excitingly right as three of the family who come from the darkness & into darkness go. Olivier.

#### Spin of the Wheel

New musical by Geoff Morrow & Timothy Prager, based on a television game show. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1439).

#### Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this cheerful fantasy, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

#### Three Men on a Horse

Geoffrey Hutchings is, hilariously, the writer of greetings-card verses who also has the gift of picking racing winners. A trio of gamblers hopes to capitalize on his hobby. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### ★Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn's swift direction sustains the spirit of this "Aldwych" farce. Michael Gambon is the outrageous butler, Sprules. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1986.

#### ★A View From the Bridge

Alan Ayckbourn has made an uncommonly good job of directing Arthur Miller's near-classic. He is especially fortunate in Michael Gambon as the Brooklyn longshoreman. Cottesloe.

#### ★★Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's play transcends any in the West End. Ayckbourn directs & the cast is led by Pauline Collins & Michael Jayston. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986.

ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

## FIRST NIGHTS

#### The Hairy Ape

The first company in the National's international season is the Schaubühne from West Berlin with Eugene O'Neill's play about a stoker on a luxury transatlantic liner. It is performed in German & a synopsis is provided. May 11-16. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P6.

#### An Inspector Calls

Tom Baker plays the detective in Priestley's play. With Pauline Jameson & Peter Baldwin. Opens May 13. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 834 0048).

#### ★Kiss Me Kate

Paul Jones & Nichola McAuliffe are splendid as the strolling players performing Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew* at Baltimore. Opens May 19. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). REVIEWED APR, 1987.

#### The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Ernie Wise & Lulu head the cast in Rupert Holmes's musical, loosely based on Dickens's unfinished novel. Opens May 7. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc).

#### Richard II

Barry Kyle's beautifully-staged production, with Jeremy Irons as the King. Opens May 5. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

#### Rosmersholm

New translation by Frank McGuinness of Ibsen's play, with Suzanne Bertish as Rebekka. Opens May 6. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### A Small Family Business

New play written & directed by Alan Ayckbourn with Michael Gambon as an unusually honest businessman. Opens May 21. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### Titus Andronicus

Brian Cox plays the eponymous Roman general in Deborah Warner's revival of Shakespeare's bloodiest play. Opens May 12. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick (0789 295623, cc).

#### ★★The Two Noble Kinsmen

Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast in Barry Kyle's uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity, transferred from the Swan. Opens May 26. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

#### Worlds Apart

Nick Hamm's production of José Triana's play about a white colonial family in Cuba during the 1895 revolt against the Spanish government. With Janet McTeer. Opens May 7. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

## CINEMA

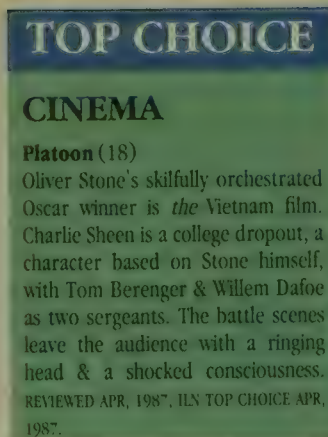
The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

#### ★★The Color of Money (15)

Returning to the role of Fast Eddie Felson from *The Hustler*, Paul Newman's Oscar-winning study makes Martin Scorsese's sequel stand on its own considerable merits. Newman, as a liquor salesman, takes a young pool player (Tom Cruise) as his protégé. REVIEWED MAR, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE MAR, 1987.

#### ★Crimes of the Heart (15)

Diane Keaton, Jessica Lange & Sissy Spacek play three eccentric sisters in



Bruce Beresford's satisfying film, which goes on general release this month. REVIEW ON P66

#### ★Death of a Soldier (18)

Philippe Mora's well-realized film, set in wartime Sydney, is the true story of a GI hanged by the US Army for murdering local women, a case that caused changes in American military law. James Coburn as an investigating military police major who (improbably) becomes defending counsel does well enough, but Reb Brown as the dim-witted soldier is superb. Opens May 8. Cannons, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Chelsea, 279 Kings Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc).

#### ★Desert Bloom (PG)

Jon Voight is a disturbed former soldier making a precarious living running a service station in Las Vegas in 1950. The small desert town is beginning to grow as a consequence of its atom-bomb test range. Voight's troubles are compounded by the failure of his relationships with his wife (JoBeth Williams), her sexy sister-in-law of her first marriage (Ellen Barkin) & the eldest of three stepdaughters (Annabeth Gish). Eugene Corr's direction from his own screenplay is slow, but the acting is good enough to take it, & art direction by Lawrence Miller is impeccable. Opens May 15. Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148).

#### Jumpin' Jack Flash (15)

Whoopi Goldberg is rewarded for *The Color Purple* with a comedy thriller in which she plays a computer operator sucked into a spy plot via her own video screen. Whoopi has a lively wit but deserves better than this hokum which, apart from its computer trappings, belongs to the Lucille Ball era. Penny Marshall directed. Opens May 1. Odeons, Marble Arch, W1 (723 2011), Kensington, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193), Swiss Cottage, NW3 (722 5905); Prince Charles, Leicester Pl, WC2 (437 8181).

#### No Mercy (18)

Richard Gere, a Chicago cop out to catch Jeroen Krabbe, a criminal leader & the killer of his colleague, travels to New Orleans where he arrests Krabbe's mistress Kim Basinger & flees into the bayou with her. He then returns for a spectacular shootout not caring about the ensuing havoc. Although Richard Pearce's film is violent & sensational, it does have a certain compelling quality of excitement. Opens May 8. Cannons, Oxford St, Piccadilly, W1 (437 3561).

#### ★Prick Up Your Ears (18)

Stephen Frears's film, scripted by Alan Bennett from John Lahr's biography of the short-lived homosexual playwright Joe Orton, is told in flashback with Lahr, played by Wallace Shawn, mulling through Orton's diaries lent to him by Orton's agent Peggy Ramsay (played by Vanessa Redgrave). Gary Oldman & Alfred Molina are excellent as Orton & his collaborator, lover & eventual murderer, Kenneth Halliwell. The film has distinction. Opens May 1. Curzon West End, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805, cc).

#### ★Tenue de soirée (18)

Bertrand Blier's film is an amoral but very funny story about love. With Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc & Miou-Miou. Opens May 29. Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043); Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc); Cannon, Tottenham Court Rd. REVIEW ON P67.

#### That's Life (15)

The male menopause is intensely scrutinized by Blake Edwards, with Jack Lemmon as an irascible malcontent & hypochondriac on his 60th birthday, dishing up hell to his family, led by a patient Julie Andrews who is silently awaiting a crucial biopsy result. The film is well made & acted, but Lemmon's constant selfish whinge becomes tiresome. Opens May 15. Cannon, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, cc).

#### Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

## MUSIC

#### BARBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Jerzy Maksymiuk conducts Mozart & Ravel, with Kun Woo Paik as soloist in Mozart's Piano Concerto No 20 & Ravel's Piano Concerto for the Left Hand. May 3, 7.30pm.

**Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich,** piano, plays Bartók & Schubert. May 6, 1pm.

**English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Choir,** John Eliot Gardiner conducts a concert performance of Purcell's *King Arthur*. May 6, 7.45pm.

**Ivo Pogorelich,** piano, plays Scarlatti, Beethoven, Scriabin, Chopin. May 7, 7.45pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Jeffrey Tate conducts two concerts. Brahms's Symphony No 3 & Mozart's Mass in C minor, with the LSO Chorus, May 10, 7.30pm; Beethoven's Symphony No 8 & Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Kyung Wha Chung as soloist, May 12, 7.45pm.

**Scottish Chamber Orchestra.** Alan Brind is the soloist in Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, under Lionel Friend, May 13, 1pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Further concerts in the series devoted to great Russian masterpieces. Neeme Järvi ➤➤



## MUSIC cont

conducts two programmes: Rachmaninov, Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev, May 14, 7.45pm; Mussorgsky, Shostakovich, May 17, 7.30pm. Leonard Slatkin conducts Glinka, Tchaikovsky, & Prokofiev's Piano Concerto No 3, with John Lill as soloist, May 26, 7.45pm. Yuri Ahronovitch conducts Rimsky-Korsakov, Shostakovich, & Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No 2, with Gil Shaham as soloist, May 31, 7.30pm.

**Frankfurt Radio Symphony Orchestra.** Eliahu Inbal conducts Blacher, Mahler, & Mozart's Violin Concerto No 5, with Frank Peter Zimmermann as soloist, May 15, 7.45pm.

### FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191), cc 928 8800).

**English Chamber Orchestra.** Jeffrey Tate conducts Chopin's Piano Concerto No 1, with Mitsuko Uchida as soloist, & Mozart's Symphony No 41 (Jupiter), May 2, 7.30pm.

**London Philharmonic Orchestra.** George Benjamin conducts his own work Ringed by the Flat Horizon & Klaus Tennstedt conducts Ein Deutsches Requiem by Brahms, with the London Philharmonic Choir, May 3, 7.30pm. Tennstedt conducts Strauss's Don Quixote & Schubert's Symphony No 9 (Great), May 8, 7.30pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Two Brahms programmes conducted by Antal Dorati. The Violin Concerto, with Anne-Sophie Mutter as soloist, & Symphony No 3, May 5, 7.30pm; the Double Concerto, with Josef Suk, violin, & Janos Starker, cello, & Symphony No 4, May 10, 7.30pm.

**Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra.** Colin Davis conducts Strauss's Don Juan, the first British performance of Gunther Bialas's Meyerbeer Paraphrases, & Berlioz's Symphonie fantastique, May 6, 7.30pm.

**Hallé Orchestra.** Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducts Mozart's Piano Concerto K459, with Walter Klien as soloist, & Mahler's Symphony No 9, May 11, 7.30pm.

**Maurizio Pollini,** piano, plays four Beethoven Sonatas, including Les Adieux & the Appassionata, May 18, 7.30pm.

**London Mozart Players.** Jane Glover conducts Beethoven, Stravinsky, Haydn, & Shostakovich's Piano Concerto No 1, with John Lill as soloist, May 20, 7.30pm.

**Bach Choir, Philharmonia Orchestra.** David Willcocks conducts Bach's Magnificat & Haydn's Paukenmesse, May 22, 7.30pm.

**Los Angeles Philharmonic.** André Previn conducts Shostakovich's Symphony No 1 & Elgar's Symphony No 1, May 23, 7.30pm.

**Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.** David Zinman conducts Mozart's Piano Concerto K503, with Radu Lupu as soloist, & Schumann's Symphony No 2, May 24, 3.15pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Society.** Riccardo Muti conducts the Philharmonia Orches-

## TOP CHOICE

### OPERA

#### Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk

British stage premiere of Shostakovich's opera about a woman whose love for one of her husband's workmen drives her to double murder. Josephine Barstow sings the role, May 22, 29. English National Opera, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

tra & Chorus in Beethoven's Symphonies No 1 & No 9 (Choral), May 27, 7.30pm.

**Murray Perahia,** piano, plays Mozart, Schumann & two Beethoven Sonatas including Les Adieux, May 29, 7.30pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus.** Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts Dvořák's Violin Concerto, with Salvatore Accardo as soloist, & Ravel's Daphnis & Chloë Suites No 1 & No 2, May 31, 7.30pm.

#### QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Echoes of Le Corbusier:** Four concerts built round the music of Xenakis who formed a close association with Le Corbusier, May 7, 14, 21, 28, 6pm.

**Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau,** baritone, **Hartmut Höll,** piano. Three recitals: Schumann, May 9; Mahler, May 11; Wolf, May 14, 7.45pm.

**Kammerorchester der Jungen Deutschen Philharmonie.** Harry Christophore conducts Strauss, Henze, Shostakovich, Mozart, May 17, 7.15pm.

**Ensemble Modern der Jungen Deutschen Philharmonie.** Peter Eötvös conducts his own Chinese Opera & works by Isang Yun & Bernd Alois Zimmermann, May 18, 7.45pm.

**London Bach Society** celebrate their 40th anniversary with a programme of Handel & Bach, May 20, 7.45pm.

**Lontano.** Odaline de la Martinez conducts the first of two concerts entitled Music in Colour & Time, comprising works by Michael Torke, William Kraft, Stephen Montague & Messiaen, May 21, 7.45pm.

**Alban Berg Quartet** play quartets by Haydn (Sunrise), Webern, Schubert (Death & the Maiden), May 24, 7.45pm.

### OPERA

#### ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

**Simon Boccanegra.** David Alden's new production, May 1. REVIEW ON P66.

**★Orpheus in the Underworld.** Last season's hit production, designed by Gerald Scarfe, returns with Terry Jenkins as Orpheus & Lillian Watson as Euridice, May 2, 6, 8, 15, 20, 28, 30.

**Don Giovanni.** William Shimell & Steven Page share the title role in Jonathan Miller's production, with Rita Cullis as Anna & Jane Eaglen as Elvira, May 7, 13, 16, 19, 23.

**The Stone Guest.** Dargomyzhsky's opera based on Pushkin's version of the Don Juan story, May 9, 14, 21.

**GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA** Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111), May 24-Aug 22.

**La traviata.** This year's expanded season—seven operas over 13 weeks—opens with the second item in the Verdi series, produced by Peter Hall & conducted by Bernard Haitink. Marie McLaughlin sings Violetta for the first time, Walter MacNeil makes his British debut as Alfredo, May 24, 27, 30.

**★Carmen.** Maria Ewing & Mariana Gioromila share the title role, with Barry McCauley as Don José & Gino Quilico as Escamillo, May 26, 29, 31.

#### LONDON INTERNATIONAL OPERA FESTIVAL

Donmar Warehouse Theatre, 41 Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

**The Martyrdom of St Magnus,** by Peter Maxwell Davies. Presented by Opera Factory London Sinfonietta, May 18-20, 22, 23, 26-30.

**Acts of Faith,** by Ian McQueen. Performed by the young cast of Cockpit Opera, May 21, June 1, 2.

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Cinderella,** by Rossini. Produced for Opera 80 by Wilfred Judd, May 29.

#### Opera Film Season.

National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1. (928 3232, cc 928 1711).

*Louise*, May 9. *The Barber of Seville*, May 15. *Boris Godunov*, May 20. *Macbeth*, May 23. *Fidelio*, May 30.

#### ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**★Otello.** Russian tenor Vladimir Atlantov sings the title role, with Julia Varady as Desdemona & Sherrill Milnes as Iago, in Elijah Moshinsky's handsome production, May 2, 7. REVIEWED MAR, 1987.

**The Nightingale/L'Enfant et les sortilèges.** David Hockney's designs are one of the attractions of this Stravinsky/Ravel double bill, conducted by David Atherton, May 4, 6, 8, 9, 15, 21.

**★Turandot.** Eva Marton & Gwyneth Jones share the title role in Andrei Serban's production, with José Carreras as Calaf & Cynthia Haymon as Liù, Giuseppe

Patané conducts, May 11, 14, 16, 19, 22, 25, 29.

**Werther.** Francisco Araiza & Agnes Baltsa sing Werther & Charlotte for the first time with the company in John Copley's production, May 20, 23, 27, 30.

## BALLET

### BULAVA UKRAINIAN COSSACK ENSEMBLE

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Energetic & athletic dancing from the men of Bulava who begin a United Kingdom tour, May 3 m & e.

**GEORGIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY** London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc).

Part of a British tour by this famous company, which takes in venues all over the UK this summer, May 18-30.

### BALLET RAMBERT

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

**Quadruple bill:** *Carmen Arcadiae*, choreography by Royal Ballet's Ashley Page, music Birtwistle; *Dutiful Ducks*, an Alston abstract danced to a poem by Charles Amirkhanian; London premiere of Slobhan Davies's *Rushes*, music by Michael Finnissy; Alston's *Zansa*, with music by Nigel Osborne, May 12-14, 22, 23.

**★Commedia dell'arte double bill:** Glen Tetley's *Pierrot Lunaire*, score Schoenberg, with Mark Baldwin in the title role; London premiere of Alston's *Pulcinella*, the latest realization of Stravinsky's "ballet with songs", with designs by Howard Hodgkin, May 15-18.

**Triple bill of ballets by Christopher Bruce:** *Dancing Day*, music Holst, inspired by medieval religious poems; *Ceremonies*, music Edward Shipley, the baser side of mankind exposed in the court of Elizabeth I; *Night with Waning Moon*, music George Crumb, more commedia dell'arte, with Columbine as the central, misused figure, May 19-21.

## GALLERIES

Readers are advised to check May bank holiday closing dates with the galleries.

### ACKERMANN & SON

3 Old Bond St, W1 (493 3288).

**A Review of the Turf: The Enterprising Mr Stubbs.** 53 prints from George Stubbs's unfinished "review of the turf" project for which he intended to record every important thoroughbred, 1750-94. Prices range from £1,500 to £3,000, May 6-30. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

### BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521).

**Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours Spring Exhibition.** Two works by the Prince of Wales will be included in this show, May 1-31. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. £1, concessions 50p.

### BARBICAN

EC2 (638 4141).

**Ansel Adams.** The epic poet of landscape photography, whose extraordinary

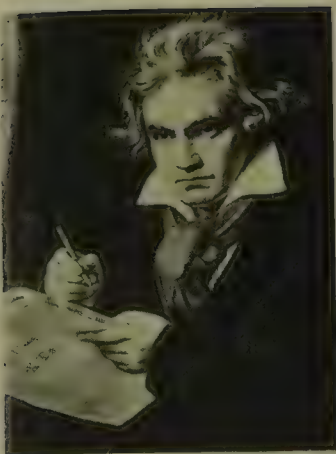
## TOP CHOICE

### BALLET

#### Giselle/Three Dances to Japanese Music

Samsova's small-scale but excellent production of the well loved classic demonstrates what may be achieved by a company with limited resources but much imagination & firm control. Jack Carter's theatrical & colourful *Three Dances to Japanese Music* bring the evening to an exciting end. London City Ballet: Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford (0483 60191, cc), May 4-9; Richmond Theatre, (940 0088, cc), May 11-16.





**Romantic Beethoven, 1819, by J. Stieler at the South Bank Centre.**

control over his medium has recently been recognized by record prices in the auction room. This is the first major European retrospective since the photographer's death. May 21-July 19.

**A Paradise Lost: The Neo-Romantic Imagination in British Art, 1935-55.**

The Neo-Romantic phase in British 20th-century painting got rather short shrift in the Royal Academy's recent block-buster survey. This show casts its net widely—bringing in photography & films in addition to painting—and should do something to right the injustice. May 21-July 19. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm.

**COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERIES**  
Woburn Sq, WC1 (580 1015).

**Parmigianino in the Prince's Gate Collection.** The Emilian Mannerist Parmigianino (1503-40) is one of the most delightful of all Italian draughtsmen & was a great favourite with Count Seilern, the collector who built up what is now rather coyly called the Prince's Gate Collection. This show explores his holdings of works by the artist. May 14-July 5. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

**CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY**

12 Waterloo Place, SW1 (930 4811).

**David Garland & Ingunn Skogholt.** Garland's work has been described as "Matisse in the Kitchen"—his pottery perhaps owes something to nostalgia for Bloomsbury taste & the Omega Work-

shops. Skogholt is a Norwegian working in the long-established Nordic tradition of woven tapestry, her background, however, is eclectic as she studied in Oslo, Czechoslovakia, the Edinburgh College of Art & finally the Royal College of Art in London. Until June 7. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

**HILDEGARD FRITZ DENNEVILLE FINE ARTS**

31 New Bond St, W1 (629 2466).

**Glimpses of a Forgotten Germany: Rare Views of Berlin & Other German Towns in the 19th Century.** As part of London's Festival of German Arts this gallery is showing romantic views of Dresden, Aachen, Düsseldorf, as well as a Rhine view by J. M. W. Turner, & Biedermeier interiors of Berlin palaces. May 21-end June. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-2pm.

**HAYWARD GALLERY**

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

**Tony Cragg.** Perhaps best known for his sculptures made from stacks of urban detritus. Until June 7. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

**LISSON GALLERY**

67 Lisson St, NW1 (262 1539).

**Bill Woodrow.** Woodrow has become celebrated for his witty recyclings of old washing-machines, old television sets & other industrial detritus. Will the tone become more serious in this new one-man show? May 26-June 20. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

**MALL GALLERIES**

17 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (930 6844).

**Annual Exhibition, Royal Society of Portrait Painters.** Portraiture is coming back, but will it be this kind of portraiture? An image of the Princess of Wales by Richard Foster heads a gaggle of likenesses of Sirs & Dames. More ordinary mortals show their faces too. May 27-June 8. Daily 10am-5pm. £1, concessions 50p.

**QUEEN'S GALLERY**

Buckingham Palace, SW1 (930 3007).

**Crown & Camera: Photographs From the Royal Photographic Archive 1842-1910.** Until end 1987. Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.10, concessions 50p.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS**

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**Byzantium to El Greco.** This exhibition ranges from a superb, & large, Christ Pantocrator of the 14th century to an early El Greco—a signed work, only recently discovered, painted before his departure for Venice. As well as loans from the Byzantine Museum in Athens, there are others from private collections in Britain. Until June 21.

**Jewels of the Ancients: A Selection from the Gillian Sackler Collection of Ancient Near Eastern Jewelry.**

Ancient jewelry, which combines a bit of romance with the lure of precious materials, has been four-star exhibition fodder for some time. Despite its apparently esoteric content, this

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## TOP CHOICE

### GALLERIES

**Le Corbusier: Architect of the Century.** Still a highly controversial figure, Le Corbusier is both damned for many of the things people most dislike about modern architecture—high-rise buildings—and praised as one of our century's most innovative spirits. Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1 (928 3144). Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

REVIEWED P67.



## GALLERIES cont

should be a popular show. The collection includes ranges from a Scythian neck-ring with boar's head terminals, to Hellenistic funeral wreaths. May 1-June 28. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25.

### CLAUS RUNKEL FINE ART

97 Cambridge St, SW1 (821 5861).

### Modern German Art 1900-1980.

Drawings, watercolours & prints by such artists as Franz Marc, George Grosz, Paul Klee, Max Beckmann & George Tappert. Many of the works capture the café society of 1920s Berlin & most are for sale. May 19-July 10. Viewing by appointment.

### SOUTH BANK CENTRE

SE1 (928 3002).

**Beethoven Exhibition.** This is the focal point of the Festival of German Arts. Presented by the Royal Philharmonic Society it employs a variety of media & stage machinery to evoke the life & character of the composer: paintings, letters, manuscripts & memorabilia. A series of chambers dealing with different stages in Beethoven's life have special visual & sound effects. Apr 27-June 20. Royal Festival Hall, 10am-10pm.

**H.M. Bateman Centenary.** Bateman's career spanned more than half a century, but his peak years were the 1920s & 1930s; he was a celebrator of the fads & follies of the jazz age, the laureate of the social gaffe & the cartoonist who introduced the strip cartoon to England (it had already migrated from Germany to the United States). May 15-June 20. Festival Hall, daily 10am-11pm, National Theatre Mon-Sat 10am-10pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P10.

**Maria Callas:** a life in photographs, from major opera archives; & recordings of her voice. May 7-June 9. Royal Festival Hall, 10am-10pm.

### TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

### Clore Gallery for the Turner Collection.

Turner's works under one roof. FEATURED APR, 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5pm, £2.50, concessions £1.

## MUSEUMS

### BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

**Ceramic Art of the Italian Renaissance.** Richly-coloured, tin-glazed earthenware—majolica—from 15th- & 16th-century Italy. May 7-Sept. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7. Until June 13. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 4.

### MUSEUM OF MANKIND

6 Burlington Gdns, W1 (437 2224).

**Bolivian Worlds.** The most colourful exhibition in London with costumes & masks from the annual carnival in Oruro. Until 1988. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 4.

### NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717).

**Lady Butler, Battle Artist.** Lady Butler (née Elizabeth Thompson) was one of its finest exponents of the *pompier* style. She



Lady Butler's *Scotland For Ever*, 1881, at the National Army Museum from May 14.

was catapulted to fame by *The Roll Call* of 1874, showing survivors of a Guards battalion after an engagement in the Crimean War, & went on to produce a whole series of panoramic battle pieces which exactly expressed the British Imperial spirit. Perhaps the most astonishing is *Scotland For Ever* (1881) in which the Scots Greys charge straight towards the spectator. She combined being a professional painter with the duties of army wife & mother. May 14-Sept 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.

### NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, Greenwich, SE10 (858 4422).

**Australia 200: Episodes in the Growth of a Nation.** The development of Australia from the first voyage of convicts in 1787. Until end 1987. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.20, concessions 60p. Closed May 4.

### NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

### John Gould—Bird Man (1804-81).

The ornithologist Gould was responsible for introducing the budgerigar to England. He produced 3,000 lithographs of birds from every continent except Africa. Here is a chance to see his original publications, drawings, watercolours, letters & scrap-books. Until Sept 27. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. £2, concessions £1. Free Mon-Fri 4.30-6pm.

### SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456).

### German Designs: Images of Quality.

As part of the Festival of German Arts,

the Museum pays tribute to the brilliance of German design taking as examples a BMW motorbike, a Mercedes Benz, cameras, shavers, ovens & pens. May 27-Sept 2. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 4.

### VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

### Zika Ascher: Fabric—Art—Fashion.

Ascher commissioned artists such as Henry Moore, Henri Matisse & Graham Sutherland to design textiles. This survey of fashion from the 1940s onwards tells how leading designers have used Ascher's fabrics & includes such delights as a mohair coat & a paper dress. Until June 14. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Closed May 4. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

### WINDSOR CASTLE

Windsor, Berks (0753 868286).

**Sixty Years a Queen.** An exhibition on the life of Queen Victoria—letters, documents, coronation & jubilee souvenirs—in the dungeon of the Curfew Tower (0753 860629). Apr 27-May 16. Mon-Fri 10.30am-3.45pm, Sat May 2 10.30am-2pm. 60p, concessions 30p.

## LECTURES

### INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS

The Mall, SW1 (930 0493).

**Writers in Conversation:** a series of day conferences & talks as part of the Festival of German Arts. *Film in West Germany*, May 2, 10.30am-4.30pm; *Berlin—the urban experience*, May 9, 10.30am-4.30pm; *Heiner Müller in conversation*, May 15, 7.30pm; *Theatre & live art*, Peter Stein talks to Peter Hall, May 16, 2.30pm; *West Berlin—the city reconstructed*, May 23, 10.30am-4.30pm; *The subject of German history*, May 30, 10.30am-4.30pm. Tickets from ICA, £2 plus 60p membership.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**From Byzantium to El Greco** evening series: *The Cult of Icons* by Professor C. Mango, May 8; *The Early Cretan School of Icon Painting* by Professor N. Hadji-

daki, May 12; *The Working Drawings of Painters after the Fall of Constantinople* by Mrs L. Boura of the Benaki Museum, Athens, May 22. All at 5.30pm, at the British Academy, 20-21 Cornwall Terrace, NW1.

### SOUTH BANK CENTRE

SE1 (928 3002).

**Le Corbusier lecture series:** *The Pre-Modernist, Post-Modernist or history written backwards*, by Charles Jencks, May 5; *Le Corbusier's Aesthetic* by Paul Oliver, May 12; *Le Corbusier—politics & urbanism* by Mary Macleod, May 19; *On the method of Le Corbusier* by Prof Colin St John Wilson, May 26. All in the Purcell Room, 6pm. £1, concessions 50p.

## SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

### BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

**Chelsea Flower Show Auction.** Highlight is a 1953 oil painting of roses, tulips & lilies by Cecil Kennedy, who always "signed" his works by including a ladybird in the picture (£8,000-£12,000). Botanical studies include a Georgian album of hand-drawn & watercoloured sketches of wild flowers (£800-£1,200). Other lots of garden statues & urns. May 21, 6pm. Viewing May 19 & 20 9am-7pm, & May 21 9am-3pm.

### CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

**Silver**, from Knole Park, Kent, home of the Sackville family. There are two exceptional pairs of tureens & stands by William Pitts, one reckoned to fetch £40,000-£60,000. The sale should make a total £300,000-£400,000. May 20, 10.30am. Viewing May 17 2-5pm, May 18 9am-4.30pm, May 19 9am-4pm.

**Great Tew Park House Sale**, Oxfordshire. The contents of this house are to be sold to cover tax following the death in 1985 of Major Eustace Robb. On offer is an outstanding collection of Regency furniture by George Bullock, one of the most important figures in the history of English cabinet making. Bullock used only English materials; he veneered everything in oak & holly & his floral motifs are

## TOP CHOICE MUSEUMS

**The King's Pleasures.** Recently discovered designs for the court ballet of Louis XIII, plus treasures from the costume collection in the Irving Gallery. Theatre Museum, Russell St, WC2 (836 7891). Opens Apr 23. Tues-Sun 11am-7pm; café & bar Tues-Sat 11am-8pm, Sun 11am-7pm. £2.25, concessions £1.25.



all of English plants. Other lots include ceramics, silver & pictures. Total estimate: £1 million. May 27-29, at the house, 10.30am. Viewing May 23 & 24 10am-6pm, May 25 10am-5pm.

#### CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).  
**Costumes & Textiles.** It obviously pays to hang on to your knickers. On offer is an early English corset from about 1770 which should raise £1,000-£2,000 as well as a few eyebrows. May 12, 2pm.

**Garden Furniture & Architectural Fittings.** Seats, benches, urns, statues, sundials, pillars, fireplaces, doors, stained glass & gates. May 23, 2pm. On view at Chelsea Physic Garden, Royal Hospital Rd, SW3. May 19-22 noon-5pm, May 23 9am-noon.

#### PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

**Tin-Plate Toys & Railwayana.** Large selection of clockwork & battery-operated toys. May 20, noon.

#### SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

**Icons, Russian Paintings & Works of Art.** Several Romanov family albums include three which belonged to Grand Duchess Olga, dated 1896 (£10,000-£15,000). Another three belonged to Grand Duke Michael, dated 1911-12, & contain pictures of Michael with his mistress, Natalia Sheremetevskaya, & with a pet bear; there is also one of Rachmaninov skiing (£2,000-£3,000 per album). Main attraction of the icons is a 15th-century triptych of the Virgin & child (£20,000-£30,000). May 1, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

## SPORT

#### ATHLETICS

**Mars London Marathon,** Greenwich, SE10 to Westminster, SW1. May 10, 9.30am.

#### CRICKET

**England v Pakistan,** one-day internationals: The Oval, May 21; Trent Bridge, Nottingham, May 23; Edgbaston, Birmingham, May 25.

(BA = Britannic Assurance County Championship, BH = Benson & Hedges Cup, RA = Refuge Assurance League.)

**Lord's:** Middx v Northants (BA), May 6-8; v Combined Universities (BH), May 14; v Somerset (BH), May 16; v Somerset (RA), May 17; v Pakistan, May 30-June 1.

**The Oval:** Surrey v Pakistan, May 2-4; v Kent (BH), May 9; v Glamorgan (BH), May 12; v Lancs (RA), May 17; v Essex (BA), May 23, 25, 26; v Essex (RA), May 24.

#### CYCLING

**Milk Race,** May 17-30 (starts Newcastle-upon-Tyne, ends with a circuit race in Westminster, SW1). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P10

#### EQUESTRIANISM

**Royal Windsor Horse Show,** Windsor, Berks. May 14-17.

**Windsor Horse Trials,** Windsor. May 22-24.

#### FOOTBALL

**FA Cup final,** Wembley Stadium. May 16, 3pm.

**Rous Cup:** England v Brazil, Wembley

Stadium, May 19; Scotland v England, Hampden Park, Glasgow, May 23; Scotland v Brazil, Hampden Park, May 26.

#### GOLF

**England v Spain,** Fulford GC, York. May 10, 11.

**Walker Cup:** Great Britain & Ireland v USA, Sunningdale, Berks. May 27, 28.

**Whyte & Mackay PGA Championship,** Wentworth GC, Surrey. May 22-25.

#### HORSE RACING

**General Accident 1,000 Guineas,** Newmarket. Apr 30.

**General Accident 2,000 Guineas,** Newmarket. May 2.

**Dalham Chester Vase,** Chester. May 5.

**Mecca-Dante Stakes,** York. May 13.

#### RUGBY

**Silk Cut Rugby League Challenge Cup final,** Wembley Stadium. May 2.

**John Player Special Cup final,** Twickenham. May 2.

**Contributors:** Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

## BOOK NOW

**Berlin Philharmonic under von Karajan,** Royal Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1, June 10. Telephone booking from May 6 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Diamond Day,** Ascot Racecourse, July 25. Entrance to members' enclosure £12, to Tattersalls' enclosure & grandstand £8.50. Car park labels £2. Make cheques payable to The Ascot Authority & send to the Secretary's Office, Ascot Racecourse, Ascot, Berks SL5 7JN (0990 22211).

**Henley Royal Regatta,** July 1-5. Enclosure tickets: Wed & Thurs £2.50, Fri, Sat & Sun £3 (children under 14 free); car park tickets Wed £4, Thurs £6, Fri, Sat & Sun £8. Make cheques payable to Henley Royal Regatta & send to the Secretary's Office, Regatta Headquarters, Henley-on-Thames, Oxon RG9 2LY (0491 572153).

**Henry Wood Promenade Concerts,** Royal Albert Hall, July 17-Sept 12. The Proms prospectus, containing booking form, is available in May from newsagents & post offices.

**Kenwood Concerts,** Hampstead Heath, NW3, June 6-Aug 30. Booking for seats from May 5 via Royal Festival Hall (928 3191, cc 928 8800). Seats £4, for fireworks night £4.50, concessions £3 & £3.40.

**Royal Opera House,** Covent Garden (240 1066/1911, cc). Telephone booking from May 1 for *Manon* (starts June 2), *La Bohème* (starts June 6), *Il barbiere di Siviglia* (starts June 11), *Die Frau ohne Schatten* (starts June 30) & *Fidelio* (starts July 9).

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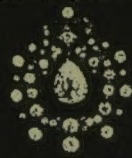
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